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To-day we print the first article on the War by "Vielle Moustache", an expert with special sources of information and an officer of very high standing and great experience in active service. This feature will be continued in the SATURDAY REVIEW from week to week.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We are now embarked in a just and necessary war—a war, as we shall show, thrust upon Europe by a Power which now stands as a clear menace to the whole of Europe—a Power of brutal might, of a calculated purpose, of the patience to wait and to deceive, and of the cynicism to act by force alone when force is likely to avail. It had come to this—that either Great Britain had to fight or consent to see this Power aiming to command Europe and the narrow seas. This Power has infamously, even as she violated Belgian territory, offered to "dispel our distrust" with an assurance that she would not annex Belgian territory or threaten Great Britain herself. This Power has also asked Great Britain to stand aside while her friends are bitterly engaged; also to stand aside while treaties are shredded which Great Britain is pledged to uphold for safety's sake and for honour; also behind the back of her friend to agree that her friend should be stripped of land and power. In a word, Germany has challenged Great Britain, and the challenge has been contemptuously offered. What, briefly, is the chronicle of these great events?

Great Britain, a week ago, was straining heart and mind for peace; but when Sir Edward Grey met Parliament on Monday it had become clear that, alike by honour and necessity, we were ourselves on the brink of war. On Saturday morning last the King made a final effort for a settlement between Germany and Russia in a personal telegram to the Czar offering mediation; but Germany declared war on Russia the same day. From that moment France and Great Britain were involved; though some were still found to argue that a war between Russia and Germany was not directly our affair.

Within twenty-four hours this argument, undoubtedly selfish and wrong, was shattered by Germany herself. For Germany followed her declaration of war with Russia by tearing up the treaties whereby modern Europe is held together. The neutrality of Luxembourg and Belgium was violated. German troops crossed the frontiers of France.

From that moment Germany was at war not only with Russia, but with France. The German Ambassador in Paris asked for his passport, and the French Ambassador at Berlin was recalled. Meantime Germany presented an ultimatum to the Belgian Government. Belgium was offered an "entente" if she would consent to make smooth the path of Germany for military operations against France. If Belgium refused, she was to be treated as an enemy. Taking this step, Germany broke a treaty to which she was a party with ourselves. It was a flat challenge to Great Britain to intervene or to stand aside and see the destinies of Europe refashioned without a protest. Germany, in this brutal conduct, which destroyed the peace of the world, stood quite alone. France had already agreed to respect the neutrality of Belgium.

Belgium refused to sacrifice her honour. She declared herself ready to defend her neutrality—a neutrality guaranteed by treaties signed by the King of Prussia. When Sir Edward Grey met the House on Monday the King of the Belgians had already appealed to King George. The issues were now clear. Germany had attacked France and had directly challenged Great Britain. Sir Edward Grey, in his statement—it is even clearer in the published documents—showed how earnestly we had sought peace and failed, owing to certain Powers being set on war. He showed that up to Sunday last we were not pledged to anything beyond diplomatic support. But on Sunday it was clear that France was attacked and that our honour and security compelled Great Britain to go to her support. Sir Edward Grey informed the House that he had already assured the French Ambassador that, if the German Fleet came into the Channel or North Sea to undertake hostile operations against the French coasts or shipping,

the British Fleet would give to France all the protection in its power. He also told the House that the Government was prepared for the consequences of having to use "all the strength we have" at any moment to defend ourselves and bear a part.

Already the issue for ourselves was clear. It was no longer a question of Austria and Servia. It was no longer possible on any plea to stand aside. Apart from our friendship with France, the Belgian treaty must be respected, or Great Britain must cease to count. Sir Edward Grey's words were memorable: "If", he said, "in a crisis like this we ran away from our obligations of honour and interest with regard to the Belgian treaty, I doubt, whatever material force we might have at the end, whether it would be of very much value in face of the respect we should have lost". What Power could hold the world's respect which suffered her treaties to be insufferably defied, and left her friends to meet alone the naked insolence of force unjustly and brutally employed?

The British Government at once accepted the challenge of Germany. Germany was quickly brought to the vital point. At an early stage of these rapid negotiations Germany suggested that if Great Britain remained neutral she would undertake that the German Fleet should not attack the north-east coast of France. Great Britain, in a word, was asked to put it out of her power to take effective part in the coming struggle in return for a worthless concession. Surely a great Power has seldom been asked so cheaply to sell her honour. Sir Edward Grey at once went to the heart of the matter, protesting against the violation of Belgian neutrality and requiring an immediate reply. Germany answered that the invasion of Belgium was necessary to her safety! She also assured Great Britain that, after the war, no Belgian territory would be annexed. The British Government answered in the only possible way—with an ultimatum. This British ultimatum required that Germany should within twelve hours give a plain assurance that she would respect the neutral territory of Belgium. Germany bluntly refused to answer this request. War between Great Britain and Germany was declared at eleven o'clock on Tuesday night.

Mr. Asquith, asking for a vote of credit of £100,000,000 on Thursday, proclaimed the justice of this war in memorable words. The House now knew from the published documents what Germany had asked, and how Great Britain had answered. "What did that proposal amount to?" said Mr. Asquith. Let Mr. Asquith speak again: "In the first place it meant this, that behind the back of France, which was not to be made a party to these communications at all, we should have given, if we had assented to them, free licence to Germany to annex in the event of a successful war the whole of the extra-European dominions and possessions of France. What did it mean as regards Belgium? Belgium, when she addressed, as she did address in these last days, her moving appeal to us to fulfil our solemn guarantee of her neutrality, what reply should we have given? What reply could we have given to that Belgian appeal? We should have been obliged to say that without her knowledge we had bartered away to the Power that was threatening her our obligation to keep our plighted word".

This, then, was Germany's "infamous proposal", the "disgraceful bargain" to which we were invited to agree. Again let Mr. Asquith, in passionate simplicity, describe what Great Britain was to get in return. "For the betrayal of our friends and the dishonour of our obligations, what were we to get in return? We were to get a promise—nothing more—as to what Germany would do in certain eventualities, a promise, be it observed—I am sorry to have to say it, but it must be put upon record—a promise given by a Power which was at that very moment announcing

its intention to violate its own Treaty obligations, and inviting us to do the same. I can only say", Mr. Asquith concluded, "that if we had even dallied or temporised with such an offer, we, as a Government, should have covered ourselves with dishonour. We should have betrayed the interests of this country of which we are the trustees".

Mr. Asquith's speech meant that criticism was at an end. Clear conscience and strong conviction possessed the whole House. The vote of credit automatically passed. Every measure of the Government was accepted with enthusiasm. The whole resource of the Empire is this week flung into the scale of justice and necessity. Half a million men are to be raised; and the English Dominions stand with England. War has been entered on with a full appreciation of its consequences. We are fighting for every ideal by which Europe exists as a civilised community. Beyond our own obligations and our own security lies the wider question of resisting, on behalf of the world, the monstrous doctrine that brutal and selfish might is the absolute master of mankind.

Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith spoke for the House of Commons and the country. Unhappily, however, the sitting of Parliament was prolonged on Monday by a short debate on the adjournment of the House in which a number of speeches were delivered in a sense contrary to its feeling and policy. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald persisted to the last in his complete misunderstanding of the position. Consider for a moment the place of Great Britain to-day had the critics who followed Mr. Macdonald had their will in our national policy. The Fleet no longer would hold the sea; the Army would be pared to a nominal strength. We should be without a friend in Europe to support us, and we should be unable to support ourselves. Let us, once and forever, turn from the serious consideration of pacifist ideas, now shattered past all mending, and from a reading of diplomatic history proven false and misleading:

"To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on".

Two weekly journals told us last Saturday that the war would raise, if it came, "no issue which touches any people outside the Balkans", and that "at the present moment Germany is showing that it is far from cherishing the schemes of conquest which the Chauvinists of Great Britain have attributed to it". Since those words were written Germany has assured Great Britain that she would forego annexing the territory of France in Europe if Great Britain would allow her to annex the colonies of France. The story, from end to end, of this crisis has set these critics down and justified the instinct of those who passionately desired to be strong and ready. Surely there is no more dust in the eyes of those who this week have spoken against our policy. Surely at last they must see the truth. Every patriot is now heartwhole for the war. Only those who now are proof against fact or sense, not to be convinced by reason or the event, utterly empty of imagination or the power to see things as they are, will utter one more public word against the right and justice of the cause of England.

Mr. Balfour's intervention on Monday was most happy. The speeches following the declaration of Sir Edward Grey might easily give a wrong impression to foreign observers and persons unacquainted with the House. "What we have been having to-night", said Mr. Balfour in reference to the critical speeches of certain Radical members, "were the mere dregs and lees of the debate, in no sense representing the opinion of the House. . . . It is unfortunate and lamentable that we should spend the dregs of this evening in a series of speeches which, whatever their intrinsic excellence and earnestness, cannot be regarded as representing in any true sense the views even of the Party for whom those members spoke. . . . I would venture to appeal to the House to bring to a conclusion

an impotent debate, which does not add to our dignity and may possibly be misunderstood".

The Government has done a very simple, obvious, and natural thing in appointing Lord Kitchener to the post of Secretary of State for War; and yet, in doing that simple, obvious, and natural thing, has played a master stroke. We are delighted at the appointment, which will be enormously popular everywhere. Nor need the purists, who have honest misgivings at the idea of the active Army in the inner Cabinet, be uneasy. We are not going to displace permanently the civil by the military power in our system—we know what that has led to in Germany. We are not going to set up a military despotism which in times of peace will set its mighty "War Lords" over mild constitutionalists to play the part of Cromwells and send away the mace. What we are doing is this and this alone—we are taking good care that in the time of a great and supremely critical war we have the instant and full aid and direct authority of the greatest war organiser in the nation, and at the centre of the machine. It is in the nature surely of a crowning mercy.

Not less is there reason to be entirely satisfied by the appointment of Admiral Jellicoe as leader of the Navy and of General French as Inspector-General of the Forces. This trio of leaders, so far as all our experience goes, could not be improved on to-day. All three are men who have won their position by sheer merit, and by their own great endeavour in the Services. Admiral Jellicoe is the least known to the public among the three, but great things are expected of him by men who understand about ships and naval warfare. Success in action does not always wait on fame won in peace time, nor even on fame won in warfare; but there is a general instinct, shared by experts and by people generally, that we have three very strong men here at work. There is not the faintest suspicion of family or society influence, or of favouritism, or of party bias, at work behind these selections. These men have been chosen because they are believed to be the most efficient at the service of the country.

American opinion is beyond doubt on the side of this country and of the European uprising against the German aggression: the American Press has rarely or never been so pro-British in tone as it is to-day. The quotations from the "Times" show this in a signal way. As to our own Press, there were some waverers, but one by one they swung round. The "Times" from the start of the crisis has shown itself a far greater organ of opinion than it has been since its best days in Delane's time. We have often criticised the "Times", and especially for the absurdities and blunders into which it was led in the "book war". But to-day it has become once more a public institution. There is a great deal in the All Souls' tradition.

The mobilisation of the British Fleet was complete early in the week, and Sir John Jellicoe's appointment was immediate. The dispositions and plans, of course, are secrets profoundly kept. So far no action of importance is reported. A German vessel, laying mines in shallow water, was detected at noon on Wednesday and sent to the bottom. On the following day the cruiser "Amphion," which had sunk this ship, herself struck a mine and foundered with the loss of over 100 men—the first disastrous emphasis upon the awfulness of naval warfare to-day. Many German prizes have been successfully brought into harbour. The secrecy which must necessarily attach to the position of the Fleet is a tax on the patience of the public, especially of those who have relatives on board. But this secrecy is essential. Any attempt to lift the veil or to hint at knowledge acquired by accident or privilege would be treacherous to the British cause.

The fighting in Belgium consists of preliminary encounters between troops which, on either side, are covering the field of concentration. Behind these

covering troops France and Germany are bringing up their main forces as rapidly as possible. These main forces cannot meet till at least the end of the coming week. The main interest of this preliminary fighting lies in the question whether the Belgian troops can delay the operations of Germany long enough to enable France to avoid a decisive action till the British contingent can be present. The German advance was rudely checked at Liège on Wednesday. Reports show that the Belgian troops behaved with fine resolution and dash. But Liège can only check, it can hardly stay, the German advance. Germany at the first check brought up 100,000 men and broke the line of forts.

Last week ended, and this week began, in a householders' panic. Thousands of people drew considerable sums in gold from their bankers, and grocers were overwhelmed with large stock orders for provisions. One heard of a man boasting that he had a thousand sovereigns in his house, and of suburban villas stacked to the roof with food. The inevitable consequence of this scare was a shortage of gold and provisions which might have had serious results had the Bank Holiday not been extended over Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. The fact that people could not get money from the banks or anywhere else—for many clubs refused to cash cheques—during the week automatically forced back much of the hoarded gold into circulation, with the immediate effect of restoring confidence. The shortage of small silver, by the way, which was noticeable on Tuesday and Wednesday, was a sign that the panic had spread from rich to poor, and that half-crowns and shillings were being hoarded in cottages.

The hoarding impulse was selfishly natural; and it might also have been disastrous. It was an unpleasant spectacle, showing at best unthinking ignorance and at worst deliberate meanness and panic. Mr. Lloyd George did well to condemn as bad citizens those whose precipitancy wrung the banks dry of currency. In future this difficulty will be got over by the issue of pound and ten-shilling notes as legal tender. One hears objections urged to small paper money on the ground that English people are so used to the actual touch and feel of gold and silver coins that they will not accept paper notes. The objection is absurd. English people are not empty of sense, and they have never shown distrust of the postal order. Confidence must return. The lowering of the Bank Rate, which Mr. Lloyd George announced on Wednesday, from ten to six per cent. was evidence of security in the City that was as good as a naval victory. It meant that the City was once more sure of itself.

As to the hoarding of provisions, its effects have only to be considered for a moment to be reprobated. It was common experience last week that the grocers' shops and stores were stripped. Stocks went down and prices up with a rush, and finally many shops closed. This insane buying inflicted a very real hardship on the poor, who had not the money to buy in large quantities. The poor had in consequence no benefit from the normal low prices of last week, and they had to face the full brunt of the high prices of this week. There could be no more certain way to cause distress; and we are glad that the Government have recognised that it is their plain duty to prevent a repetition. The dislocation of prices is purely temporary, and matters will right themselves when the Government insurance on shipping is in full operation. With supplies assured prices should fall again, and if any attempt is made—as there have been instant signs that it would be made—to inflate prices against the poor consumer, a scheme to regulate prices in all necessities of life will become essential to internal security. The formation of a National Distress Committee has already been sketched by the Government.

It is important that in this matter the Labour Party,

the Trade Unions, and organisations with a knowledge of local conditions, should assist. The Labour Party is divided on the war. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Arthur Henderson, for example, are said to be against the bulk of their followers in objecting to war. But on the relief of inevitable distress there can be no division of opinion, and we look to the Labour Party to lend a hand. It would be well, also, if Lord Milner were invited to assist: he is an able organiser, and he is one of the few men in the country who have had practical experience of relieving distress in time of war. His knowledge of the methods employed in relieving distress in South Africa after the war should be invaluable.

The moratorium which has been proclaimed this week is a device novel to British ideas, but in view of the sudden pause of the system of credit last week a moratorium was absolutely necessary. The Postponement of Payments Act—to give the measure its Parliamentary title—will ensure a breathing-space in which finance can right itself somewhat. The moratorium postpones certain payments for a month; but probably even those transactions which do not actually come under the Act will be affected. This is emphatically a time when mutual forbearance is necessary. All of us are in turn debtor and creditor, and those who cannot get their money in cannot press or be pressed for immediate payment. In any event, a man's credit will be very much what his record has made it. The moratorium does not affect wages, payment of rates or taxes, liabilities under £5, or Government liabilities; but it covers most other debts.

In dealing with these and other matters, such as the new law of registration for aliens, the House of Commons has this week proved an extraordinarily efficient machine. Like a steamship when a storm jerks the propeller out of the water, the legislative screw has made its revolutions at express speed: millions have been voted in Supply en bloc, Bills have passed through all their stages in five minutes, members who asked questions, even relevant questions, have been snubbed by the whole House. It was not the House of Commons as one usually knows it: but it was magnificent—and it was war.

We think it quite natural that Lord Morley should have resigned office, and no one would be so base as to accuse him of embarrassing the Government by the step he has taken. It is easy to understand that, at his age, he wishes to stand out of a War Cabinet and feels that he cannot be of great assistance to his colleagues in the work they are now called on to do with all their might. Lord Carnarvon retired honourably from office through a war episode, and the voice of no sensible or informed man was raised against him. Nor will it be in the case of Lord Morley.

Mr. John Burns's case is somewhat different, and, frankly, his resignation puzzles many people who admire him. One would have supposed he was one of the very men for high office at a time like this; for his has been in some ways the most helpful personality in the Cabinet. However, we shall certainly not criticise harshly his decision to retire at this time. We have often differed greatly from Mr. Burns on political matters—particularly at election time, when he has not shone always to the best advantage. But his character is one to admire heartily, and his disposition has made him popular among men of all classes. Mr. Burns is far and away the most interesting and the most striking man who has come from the ranks of labour for many years past—and, writing this, we do not forget Mr. Thomas Burt. Obviously, no labour politician to-day in this country is in the same class as Mr. Burns in gifts—particularly in strong, racy, original speech—in personality generally. Retirement, with him, does not, we may be sure, mean rusting away.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE CRIME OF GERMANY.

THERE have been moments, constantly recurring through the past week, when people have felt as if the solid earth were slipping from under their feet. "When will this slumber cease?" asks Titus Andronicus in the midst of his horrors; and we suppose that since men came out of sheer barbarism—into which Germany has rattled them back—there never has been a real and general experience so like a nightmare as this present one. All one's past experience of wars has been dwarfed by it. We know from word of mouth that the Crimea and the Mutiny and 1870 were mere isolated wars compared with it, and we recall from actual experience that the South African War fourteen years ago was a trifling disturbance. But in this cataclysm there has been, at any rate so far as this country is concerned, an hour of solid satisfaction. When it was definitely known on Tuesday afternoon that England would declare war on Germany by midnight, people of all classes and temperaments were gratified. They did not hide their satisfaction. Quiet, sober, and orderly and peace-loving citizens rubbed their hands in content and said to one another: "War to-night". Every man who understands the British tongue and has talked with average, typical British people within the last few days knows that there is not the slightest exaggeration in this statement. He knows that the country was set upon an open and prompt declaration of war against Germany; and we shall add that if he is anything like a typical Briton, if he has in him a tinct of British sense of justice and of honour, he himself, with the others, ardently desired that news. It may—conceivably—be some slight advantage to Germany in her relations with her associates in the Triple Alliance that Great Britain and not Germany finally made the declaration. We need not waste, however, a thought, much less a regret, on that. Our cause being absolutely just, the logic of it being unassailable, we need not trouble for a moment about any little diplomatic quibble of the kind: it is enough that we declined to wait on Germany's evil pleasure a day longer, and took instead the high hand against her.

The causes of great wars, the steps that lead on to them, have often been extremely obscure; and the questions of who was in the right and who in the wrong have baffled even trained historians long after the events. To this day there is by no means complete agreement among us about, for instance, the great war in which Pitt engaged us. We are agreed still less, perhaps, about the war in South Africa, and perhaps history never will quite clear up that discussion. But the war we have now entered on is of an entirely different description. As to the questions between Austria and Serbia and Austria and Russia, and Italy and her allies, we say nothing here. There may be, in all seeming there is, doubt and conflicting evidence in those phases of the struggle as to who is in the right and who in the wrong. The war so far as it relates to Germany and Great Britain admits not the faintest shadow of a doubt. The whole story of it already lies before us all. It may very likely be supported presently by various official and diplomatic papers which have not yet been published, but virtually those papers can only emphasise what is already extremely clear and logically complete. The whole thing has come out in a week or ten days. We suspected—all the intelligent world suspected—when Austria went into Serbia and Germany refused the British Government's call for a conference that Germany meant to have a European war; that she scientifically calculated that Russia must move, that France was pledged to Russia, and that this would give her the excuse and opportunity she craved. The suspicion was completely borne out when the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs made his statement in the House of Commons on Monday. If really there are even now a few intelligent people with minds so slow moving or so twisted as still to doubt the guilt of Germany—an infinitely guiltier country than Austria, seeing how long and murderously she

has brooded over a far greater plot than Austria's—we do advise them to read and read again Sir Edward Grey's statement, and the pendant to that statement, in the form of diplomatic correspondence in the Blue-book Number 6, 1914. These make together a State paper of profound significance. Both are couched throughout with an extraordinary moderation and restraint which we cannot affect, and are not called on, to emulate. The duty of moderating words and assuaging counsel ends, indeed, with these negotiations: it is to-day our duty to describe the German act in the terms that fit it—the world recognises to-day that the German policy is simply that of the cutpurse and the brigand.

Sir Edward Grey's great speech to Parliament, whilst heavy with the sense of war, was not the less the speech, the document, of a great peace Minister, and as we read again, and read on, the calm marshalling of deeds and official utterances is irresistible. It is the iron logic of fact, of event. We may only start with a suspicion; it grows to a strong impression; it closes with proof absolute so far as anything in life can be proved outside mathematics.

The whole speech and the substance at least of the diplomatic correspondence that led up to it must be read word for word by all educated people; but we must before we leave this matter allow ourselves the luxury of quoting two passages from the correspondence between Sir Edward Goschen, the British Minister at Berlin, and Sir Edward Grey. On 29 July Sir Edward Goschen telegraphed to Sir Edward Grey as follows:—

"I was asked to call upon the Chancellor to-night. His Excellency had just returned from Potsdam. He said that should Austria be attacked by Russia a European conflagration might, he feared, become inevitable, owing to Germany's obligations as Austria's ally, in spite of his continued efforts to maintain peace. He then proceeded to make the following strong bid for British neutrality. He said that it was clear, so far as he was able to judge the main principle which governed British policy, that Great Britain would never stand by and allow France to be crushed in any conflict there might be. That, however, was not the object at which Germany aimed. Provided that neutrality of Great Britain were certain, every assurance would be given to the British Government that the Imperial Government aimed at no territorial acquisitions at the expense of France should they prove victorious in any war that might ensue.

"I questioned his Excellency about the French colonies, and he said that he was unable to give a similar undertaking in that respect. As regards Holland, however, his Excellency said that, so long as Germany's adversaries respected the integrity and neutrality of the Netherlands, Germany was ready to give his Majesty's Government an assurance that she would do likewise. It depended upon the action of France what operations Germany might be forced to enter upon in Belgium, but when the war was over Belgian integrity would be respected if she had not sided against Germany."

The same night Sir Edward Grey replied to our Minister at Berlin:—

"His Majesty's Government cannot for a moment entertain the Chancellor's proposal that they should bind themselves to neutrality on such terms. What he asks us in effect is to engage to stand by while French colonies are taken and France is beaten so long as Germany does not take French territory as distinct from the colonies. From the material point of view such a proposal is unacceptable, for France, without further territory in Europe being taken from her, could be so crushed as to lose her position as a Great Power, and become subordinate to German policy. Altogether apart from that, it would be a disgrace for us to make this bargain with Germany at the expense of France, a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover. The Chancellor also in effect asks us to bargain away whatever obligation or interest we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium. We could not entertain that bargain either.

"Having said so much, it is unnecessary to examine whether the prospect of a future general neutrality agreement between England and Germany offered positive advantages sufficient to compensate us for tying our hands now. We must preserve our full freedom to act as circumstances may seem to us to require."

In other words, an uncompromising and indignant "No" to the proposal that Great Britain should bind her own hands behind her back and suffer Germany to pursue unmolested her business of cutpurse and brigand. What our reward for this infamy was to be does not transpire. Germany, it seems, did not even bait the hook. We were not even offered a bit of a French colony. Presumably our reward was just to go on being allowed to exist—"the virtue of going on and not to die"!

We take it that not many, if any, honest Germans or pro-Germans will much longer care to argue whether Germany meant to set Europe ablaze or not. Rather they will prefer to take, roughly, this line: "Germany was in danger of being isolated in the grouping of the Powers. Her expansion on land was prohibited by Russia and by France. Great Britain stood in the path of her expansion as a world Power outside Europe. If she waited, she might find Great Britain free of its domestic troubles, France rivalling herself through the three-year service as a military nation, Russia with once more a great navy. Thus Germany must strike now on the Austrian pretext or go under gradually as a very great Power". That would no doubt be a brazen line to take, not excusable in the ethics of nations, but at any rate having in it a measure of brutal truth. It would do violence to the world's sense of civilisation and Christianity, it is true; but at least it would be free of the giant hypocrisy and cynical lying that mark Germany's references and professions towards the neutrality of Belgium which Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith gave to Parliament this week.

We have heard, from one who should know about it, the diplomacy of Germany in this affair described as blundering. That is not the usual idea about German diplomacy; but really when one reads the passages in Sir Edward Grey's statement describing the Belgian incident, and the further passages in the Blue-book published on Thursday morning proposing an Anglo-German deal, the adjective appears to be not ill-chosen. "We were sounded", said the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, "as to whether if a guarantee was given that after the war Belgian integrity would be preserved that would content us." Can a diplomacy which supposes the other side to be such a gull and perfect fool as to consider seriously such an offer as this be exempt from the charge of blundering? "We replied", added the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, "that we could not bargain away whatever interests or obligations we had in Belgian neutrality". No blundering at any rate in that reply. Belgium is suffering grievously by this German infamy; we do feel deeply for her cruel misfortune, which in no sense has she deserved. But her brave people and devoted ruler are making history, and making it nobly. No great little State since the time of the greatness of Venice has made it half as nobly as she is doing to-day. The world will never forget her splendid stand, and we gratefully appreciate Sir Edward Grey's wise use of Mr. Gladstone's statements about Belgian neutrality; they appeal to every shade of political opinion worth the name.

We all, therefore, know now, at length, for sure and once for all, that Germany in the name of God has gone into this war, deliberately and without scruple or remorse, to murder our ally and rob her of her colonies and to dominate Europe. Lord Roberts's prophecy of a few years back that she would strike without warning directly she was ready is borne out to the letter, and we are bound to say that the so-called Teutophobes—including Mr. Maxse particularly, who has shown himself too honest and too bold to be "discreet" always—have been perfectly right. But

what a plight to-day is that of the people who for years past have been urging us to cut down our naval programmes, urging us virtually to disarm and to believe in the good intentions of Germany! We see that one of the most ecstatic and one of the most ridiculous members of that group—Mr. Massingham—is even now apparently not sure that Germany's intentions towards Great Britain are not pure and innocent, witness his letter in the "Times" only this week, with its stop-the-war note—and in this connection witness, too, the hiding he gets in reward for his pains, in the "Times" next day from his own fellow-Radical and journalistic colleague on the "Daily News", Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P. ! But, it must be admitted, acuter minds than these have been for years past dulled to the German danger ever growing nearer and greater. The real design of the German, his bitter hatred of England, his insatiate appetite for world power to be won by violence and by craft—exercised always in the name of the Most High—have been repeatedly in evidence within the last twenty years or so. The German plan of hate and violence flashed out in the message to President Kruger before the Boer War. It was obvious at the time of the savage Agadir coup. Yet nothing would inform our ardent pacifists. They were content to be cheated and lulled: each act or word pointing to the essential hypocrisy all through of German professions of peace and amity has but made them more pacifist than before. They remind us of the lover in Landor's poem appealing to his false mistress:—

"O let not this last wish be vain—
Deceive, deceive me, once again!"

It is impossible not to feel contempt for people so soft and simple as this. Nor can we regard with much sympathy the hero-worshippers who confess to a great admiration of the "splendid" qualities of Germany as exemplified in the Kaiser. The Germans have great qualities. We do not for a moment question it. They have impressed us powerfully by their massive intelligence, by their driving force and will power. Truly they are the very last and the very worst people in the world to despise. But the best part, the enduring part, of the German character is not, we think, to be found amid the glitter about the Kaiser in his War Lord attitude that has too often fascinated visionaries in Germany and out of it. We must look for it instead among the homelier, steadier, and more truly thoughtful classes in that country, which we hope and believe will come to the front when the power of the present evil régime has been smashed. That it will be smashed, whatever happens in the early stages of the struggle, is an absolute certainty. Europe, with English aid, broke Napoleon, a Titan compared with whom this Kaiser after all shapes very much like a Tappetit.

OUR DUTY AT HOME.

THE first thought of all of us must be, what we can do to help our country. Comparatively few of us can serve her in arms, but every man and woman can do something to ease and regularise the abnormal social conditions. All we require is guidance, given by the Government and propagated by the Press, and the proceedings in the House of Commons on Wednesday showed to the universal relief that the Government had the situation well in hand. Our first duty is to do exactly what the authorities tell us that we ought to do. Before the end of next week a new emergency social order will have been evolved. We must accept it without criticism. This last duty is especially incumbent upon those who belong to what is in normal times the Opposition. Much has happened, and much more will happen, which under other circumstances would have to be resisted. The railways, for example, have been nationalised by a stroke of the pen, and nobody has said a word. There was no word to say. This is an unparalleled emergency, and direct State action of a

kind more than questionable in ordinary circumstances has now become both necessary and inevitable. The same considerations will also apply to the action which the Government may take in the matter of rents; and in general it is our duty as a party to abandon altogether our opposition to the further assumption of authority by the Executive. We shall be told that this means that we shall cease to exist as a party. Quite so. There are no parties now; there is only the nation.

The lines of social reorganisation will become clear during the week. Meanwhile we can lay down the principle that anyone who now thinks first and foremost for himself is an enemy, and should be treated as such by his patriotic fellow-citizens. It is already possible to carry out this principle into certain points of detail. First as to the hoarding of cash. Towards the close of last week the danger of a scarcity of gold became manifest. It was then legitimate for a man to attempt to obtain enough gold to carry him through the next week or ten days—legitimate on the understanding that he meant to spend it freely. Any man who did this was assisting to the utmost of his power in the ready circulation of the currency. Should any of this little store still remain over it should now be changed immediately for sovereign and half-sovereign notes. Next as to silver. The mint is coining additional silver with all speed, but a rush to obtain small change for the new notes would probably lead to a shortage in the token currency. Small reserves of silver should therefore not be exchanged for notes at once, but should be put steadily into circulation during the course of the week. The good citizen must draw on his reserve of silver instead of asking for change, and thus put his money naturally and conveniently at his country's disposal. Such small reserves of silver as we have in mind ought all to have been put into circulation within a week. If this is done the supplies of the token currency will probably be adequate. But if silver is held up the Government will be forced to the premature issue of 5s. notes—a step likely to shake public confidence.

Finally, as to the conversion of the new notes. We believe the Government to have acted wisely in declining to suspend specie payments, but we cannot too strongly insist that the justification of this decision depends entirely on the public. Even in peace the Bank never has enough gold in its vaults to convert all its notes in the event of a rush. More than £18,000,000 worth of them are not covered by gold. But the gold in the Bank suffices to meet all ordinary demands many times over. Accordingly the gold reserve could be enormously reduced if public confidence continued. It is now the patriotic citizens' duty to see to it that this confidence is not only continued but increased. In normal times nobody thought twice about demanding gold for notes if he wanted it. Now everybody must think twice and three times. A person who converts his notes into gold must ask himself if the conversion is essential. If not, he is helping the Germans. It must be remembered that the Germans have a special war reserve of coined money in the Julius tower of Spandau fortress. This reserve was kept at £6,000,000 for 40 years, but the Army Bill of 1912 provided that it should be trebled; and we must assume that, as the proceeds of the recent levy became available, this provision was carried out. The British public can, by increasing their confidence in paper money, counter-balance this German reserve. As for those who gave way to panic and withdrew all the gold they could get last week, their action was perhaps pardonable until it was clear that the Government could produce an emergency currency. Now that this has been done the hoarding of gold is a criminal offence. We do not imagine that any of our readers are guilty of it; but if they know anybody to be keeping a hoard they must treat him as a public enemy.

Next as to food. Here our readers must think of the poor, and especially of the large section of the poor which can only lay in its supplies from day to day. The first question for the better-class householder to consider is whether he is justified in laying in any reserve supply of food at all. We think that he is, subject to the limitations which we will now lay down.

The emergency we have in view is that in which the Government, being anxious to transport troops with all possible speed, may ask the public to put as little pressure as possible on the provision markets for the two or three days during which the movement is in progress. The comparatively well-to-do may, we think, provide against such a contingency. A tin of biscuits, a little tinned fruit, a tinned tongue, and a tin of sardines, together with half a week's supply of tea, coffee and sugar is about what the average householder of four to six persons is justified in keeping in reserve. Anything materially in excess of that is criminal. Words fail us to describe the conduct of the hysterical women of good position who have been wicked enough to lay in large stores of household supplies. There is plenty of food in the country—plenty of bread, meat and potatoes—if English women behave themselves. Some have not behaved themselves. Over-indulgent husbands who have given their wives their heads must share the blame. Excessive supplies should, out of shame, be returned to the stores. We go further. The local committees for the relief of distress will be formed in a few days. Should there be any tendency for excessive purchases of food to continue, these committees should consider whether some means cannot be devised to check this wicked and selfish conduct. But we hope such a measure will not become necessary; it will not if the women of England do their duty. We have only to add that the future structure of English society will largely depend on the example set by the well-to-do in these critical days.

The progress of events will show where economy in the use of food-stuffs is desirable. All extravagance must, of course, cease, but we are now thinking of cases in which the ordinary convenient consumption should be curtailed. In our belief hardly any reduction will be necessary, but we may offer a caveat or two. In the first place fish will be scarce for a few days, until the North Sea has been cleared of hostile ships and the trawlers can go out again as usual. This scarcity, we repeat, will be temporary. Economy should be practised in the use of eggs, as our customary supplies from northern Europe will not be available, and eggs will be required for the wounded. This is a most important point, as is economy in the use of milk. The poor largely rely on condensed milk, which comes from Switzerland and Holland, and as exportation of food-stuffs from Europe is momentarily stopped there will be a strain on the supplies of fresh milk. We must all do our best to help the poor by buying as little milk as possible, thus keeping the price down.

The question of the relief of distress will doubtless admit of fuller treatment next week, when the details of the measures proposed by the Government should be available. There must needs be much unemployment. Our trade with the Continent has stopped, and though the ocean routes are open the outer world will suffer from the elimination of Europe from the commercial map, and will reduce its demands. This, however, should partly be compensated for by the transference to this country of orders normally placed elsewhere. There will also be a falling off in the home demand for articles other than necessities. In regard to the relief of the distress thus occasioned, we trust that it will be met, as far as may be, not by public alms-giving, but by the provision of public employment. The Road Board and the Development Board can do much, and local authorities will doubtless arrange to accelerate any public works on which they are engaged. But a special responsibility will rest upon the Committee charged with disbursing the sums—and they will be enormous—subscribed to the National Fund. We think the Government should at once add to this Committee an Indian civilian experienced in famine relief work. He could advise his colleagues out of his knowledge how the problem should be approached.

PATRIOTISM.

IN sober earnest it is a privilege to have lived to see this time of trial. We must all pay a heavy price for it. Among three hundred million Europeans—each of whom, as Carlyle said, will bleed if you prick him—not one can tell what he will be called on to pay in health or fortune or comfort or life itself. But a privilege it is, none the less. It is a supreme discipline. It will be a supreme memory. The veriest fribble cannot escape some touch of its sacramental virtue. The finest mind will be all the finer because it has been consecrated by the great travail.

For this is no vulgar war, as it would be, whatever its dimensions and its catastrophes, if it were the mere sordid working out of a diplomatic formula. It is a war of nations for nationhood, an uprising of Europe against a new and galling servitude, an emphatic declaration that, even in the twentieth century, bloodshed and ruin and starvation are preferable to well-fed and trembling submission to the tyranny of Bismarckism minus Bismarck's genius. Up to the end of last week there were, no doubt, many who honestly felt that, however great an obligation of honour lay on England to join her friends, the quarrel was not one to be taken up with the spirit in which Englishmen like to fight. We felt rather like a perfectly sane Don Quixote, called on to free the galley slaves, feeling that he is bound by his word to do it, and yet recognising that the galleys are on the whole the right place for them. For Serbia, disreputable little regicide State as she is, we had no great sympathy. But Germany, with her blundering Machiavellianism, in three or four days gave the fervour of a crusade to what might otherwise have been only a clash of armed Leagues. With her unbounded faith in Realpolitik, she forgot the one thing that makes politics real. She forgot patriotism. Confident in her own superb strength, she trampled ruthlessly on this nation and that, scattering ultimatums like visiting cards, respecting no right and no sentiment. To Russia she paid the courtesy due from one great State to another. To France she acted with a cavalier rudeness that will arm with new resentment blows behind which rankle the resentments of forty-five years. But the large patience of England was still unexhausted. There was no hatred of Germany—there has never been—only a curious lack of belief that Germany's intentions could be quite as bad as her manners. Then came the bullying of the small nations. Luxembourg stood in the path. Luxembourg must be used as a military road. Belgium stood in the path. Belgium must be cajoled or threatened into becoming an accessory to German vengeance on France. The complete lack of imagination in this latter proceeding is astounding. Germans value their country. It never struck them that the Belgians, too, might consider patriotism something worth dying for. They seem to have been genuinely astonished that these commercial-minded, busy, peaceful, unimaginative people, fond of cakes and ale and a quiet life and good profits, could seriously oppose a proposition that they should help in cutting France's throat, and be rewarded by a "friendly neutrality" and a promise that they should not be annexed to the German Empire. "Patriotism, honour! Nonsense! You are Belgians, and have nothing to do with these things. Help us, and you shall be safe and infamous. Refuse to help us, and you shall know what it is to provoke Germany".

The Junker imagination made one gross miscalculation here. It made another equally gross in regard to England. Here was the British Radical, who had for thirty years held that Germany was a highly moral but much misunderstood country, confronted with the spectacle of open violation of treaties and armed force threatened against an unwarlike people. It was just the touch needed to fire the mind of England, to make her whole heart vibrate with the passion of holy wrath. English patriotism, too, took alarm. At last no sane man could harbour illusions as to what the Realpolitik meant. All the stunting lethargy, the lazy self-decep-

tion, the luxury-ridden slackness of the English nation vanished. From the moment the ultimatum to Belgium became known England was herself again, in spirit and judgment, with sense enough to estimate the exact value of German protestations, with pride enough to sweep away with scorn the insulting sophistries of the egregious Kuhlmann, with courage enough to cast aside all lingering considerations of profit and loss. From that moment the rattling fall of stocks and shares, the rise in the bank rate, the dislocations of commerce were forgotten, or only remembered as practical difficulties to be met with manful decision. England made her choice as one man.

Nor, in absorption in our own affairs, must we overlook the splendid patience with which France endured her long agony of suspense, the cheerful gallantry with which she accepted the inevitable. Standing like a cool, wary duellist, dealing neither in insult nor in provocation, her spirit was less lighthearted than in 1870, but vastly more impressive. The brutes who spat on and insulted the Russian Ambassador in Berlin might take lessons in deportment from Paris. Russia, of course, goes to war, as always when her heart is in it, with martial glee. The Slav fatalism knows nothing of fear, though it may sometimes succumb to panic. Everywhere Berlin has waved her cudgel, and it has had the effect of a magician's wand. It has roused nations that seemed to slumber careless of the hurly-burly of world-politics. Switzerland, Denmark, Scandinavia, Holland, are all touched with the universal instinct. The cry "The Fatherland in danger" stirs the blood of butter-makers and restaurant keepers, of holiday guides and hotel touts. With one common impulse the small nationalities have seen their danger and risen in protest against the aggressor. Italy, long sunk in a curious cynicism by the influence of an unnatural alliance, is again the Italy of Garibaldi. The Government did wisely to decree neutrality. Her people would probably have refused to follow in a war against every Italian ideal.

A week of the war danger has, in short, killed everywhere that vague cosmopolitanism which was fast annihilating the distinctions between the well-to-do of all nations. Sturdy local patriotism has taken its place. The effect, when the dust and havoc have gone, may be immense. Whatever the result of the war may be, it seems impossible that this force, instinct of racial and national consciousness, can be ignored in the final settlement. Europe, if it wishes for a lasting peace, will have to recognise that political divisions must correspond with some fidelity to natural and ethnical divisions. The "practical" statesmen who aim at jarring symmetry will no doubt speak in their own dialects. But the sense of the peoples must be taken, too, if we are to escape a crop of new miseries. The German statesmen who vivisected France in 1871 might have claimed anything in money, and France would have lived to forget and forgive. But they must have Alsace-Lorraine. To keep it, the cost in money has been vast; the cost in injustice, hatred and misery—who can say how vast? It is that fatal kind of mistake Europe must avoid when the great inquest comes.

THE KIEL CANAL AND THE GERMAN FLEET.

BEFORE the making of the Kiel Canal—that great undertaking largely due to Bismarck's genius—Germany's naval position resembled that of the United States and of Russia. Like these two countries, Germany had to maintain two fleets in two seas, and it was not always easy to join these two fleets, especially if an opponent of superior strength dominated the natural passage from the Baltic to the North Sea by way of the Skager Rack and the Kattegat. It was clear that a canal cutting through Schleswig-Holstein, making a short connection under German control between the Baltic and the North Sea, would virtually double the striking power of the German Navy, by enabling the whole fleet to appear unexpectedly in

its full strength in either sea. Animated by these considerations, Bismarck proposed making the Kiel Canal.

The Kiel Canal connects the interior of the spacious Kiel Bay with the mouth of the Elbe. As the mouth of the Elbe is very wide at the point where the Canal opens into it, and as the Elbe mouth is protected by powerful fortifications, by extensive sandbanks, and by the strongly fortified island of Heligoland lying in front of it, the opening of the Kiel Canal on the Elbe is almost unassailable from the sea. The opening on the other side is equally well protected, and the great width of Kiel Bay makes it equally difficult, if not impossible, to block the Canal opening by sinking ships in it.

The Canal was built in the years 1887-95 at a cost of £7,800,000, but its dimensions were too narrow. It was proposed to enlarge and make it navigable to the largest ships, now and of the future. The reconstruction was begun in 1907 and completed only a few weeks ago. It is curious to recall that English warships were present at the festivities which accompanied the formal opening of the new waterway!

The Canal is exceedingly well built. The walls are so solidly made that ships may pass through at great speed. They may steam through at the rate of ten miles per hour, but in war time they will probably be allowed to increase that speed. The locks are few and extremely roomy. The Canal itself is very wide. It has a considerable number of passages of double width, where ships going in different directions may pass each other, and it has four turning basins which have a width of more than 900 ft. at the bottom, where the largest ships may turn. Thus a fleet may enter the Canal from the west, and, instead of emerging at the Kiel opening, return and leave the Canal by the western entrance while the enemy is racing round Skagen to the Baltic. Close to the Elbe mouth is the second important German war harbour, Wilhelmshaven, and a little further to the west lies the subsidiary naval port of Emden. As numerous sandbanks lie in front of the North Sea shore, ships unacquainted with the intricate channels will find it dangerous to approach the coast, especially as these are protected by very powerful fortifications. Sheltered by sandbanks and enormous guns, a German squadron lying at Kiel can easily and almost unnoticed slip through the Kiel Canal and enter Wilhelmshaven, and vice versa. Almost unnoticed, too, German fleets may effect a junction.

A naval Power at war with Germany must observe the two principal war harbours. It must divide its ships, placing part in front of Wilhelmshaven and part either in front of Kiel or at a convenient spot in the Skager Rack or Kattegat, whence the passages leading through the Danish archipelago may be watched. The two watching squadrons are, of course, exposed to the danger of allowing one of the German squadrons to slip out unnoticed and join the other by passing through the Canal. If they should succeed in such an attempt they would be able to fall on one of the observing squadrons in their united strength.

The enlargement of the Kiel Canal cost £11,000,000. Altogether, the cost of the Canal came to about £19,000,000—as much as ten Dreadnoughts. In view of the great strategical importance, the Kiel Canal was certainly worth the outlay. It is a most potent instrument for the naval defence of Germany. One may say that it is almost as important to the defence of Germany as the Panama Canal is to the defence of the United States.

The Kiel Canal and the Danish islands, with their numerous tortuous channels, enable Germany to play the game of hide-and-seek with a strong naval opponent. Besides, they strengthen very greatly Germany's position in the Baltic. Whereas Russia must send her ships through the Skager Rack and Kattegat, Germany can pass them quickly and safely through the Canal. Last, but not least, the Canal converts the Baltic and the North Sea into a single sea as far as Germany goes. Kiel is an enormous harbour, but it lies on the Baltic, while Wilhelmshaven on the North Sea is too small.

The Kiel Canal has transferred the harbour of Kiel to the North Sea.

Germany's greatest commercial harbours, Hamburg and Bremen, may be said to be protected by the enormous guns in the fortifications which shelter the Elbe mouth of the Canal and by the island of Heligoland, which is a colossal fort in the midst of the sea in front of the Elbe mouth with Hamburg, of the Weser mouth with Bremen, and of Wilhelmshaven. The combination of the Canal with the great war harbours on either side and the strongly fortified rocky island in front is a great asset for Germany's defence.

Commercially, also, the Kiel Canal is of great importance and value. In 1896 19,960 ships of 1,848,458 tons passed through the Canal. By 1900 the number of ships had increased to 29,045, and the tonnage to 4,282,094. In 1913 the Canal was used by 53,382 ships of 10,349,929 tons. How enormous is the traffic passing through the Canal may be seen from this—it is half as large as the traffic passing through the Suez Canal.

The making was effected regardless of expense. Therefore the Canal may be considered to be a model undertaking. Its generous dimensions may be seen from this—that the Canal has a depth of 34 ft., that its width at the bottom is 140 ft., and its width at the water edge 310 ft. The locks are more than a thousand feet long. Evidently the waterway can be used not only by the largest Dreadnoughts existing and to come, but also by liners of 50,000 tons and more. It is a monument of German engineering and German thoroughness. As the Canal had to be made very largely in marshy ground, the work was exceedingly difficult. Before its construction many engineers believed that the nature of the ground made its construction impossible. It is scarcely a paying undertaking. Its income amounted in round numbers to £50,000 in 1896, and to £235,000 in 1912. The whole income of the Canal is, then, only equal to a return of 1 per cent. on the capital invested. Therefore the expenditure on the Canal is far larger than the interest derived from it. The dues had to be kept low, because the saving in time effected by the Canal is not very great. After all, the Canal was not built on economic, but on strategic grounds, and its strategical value cannot be doubted. That will probably be shown in this war.

LORD KITCHENER AT THE WAR OFFICE.

LORD KITCHENER'S appointment as Secretary of State for War secures, what is not always secured under our system of government, the presence of the right man in the right place. We have had examples in all human Administrations—this Cabinet is not peculiar in that respect—of grave mistakes in the choice of men for high office, but in appointing Lord Kitchener to the War Office the Cabinet has again proved that it can rise to a great occasion. His presence there will give the nation a feeling of confidence which it could not have had under Mr. Asquith—whose great ability in other spheres could not obscure the fact that he is a novice at War Office administration—or under Colonel Seely; and confidence that is not misplaced is an asset of value at the beginning of a long fight.

The only conceivable alternative for a nation that knows how to use its great men would have been for Lord Kitchener to lead the Expeditionary Force in its operations on the Continent—a task that is now presumably to be undertaken by General French; but Lord Kitchener's pre-eminent abilities as an organiser fit him as much for administration as for active service, and in the great war that lies ahead a first-rate organiser will be needed in Whitehall. It is something for the nation to be assured that the muddles and scandals of the British War Office during the last European War in which we were involved will not be repeated on a larger scale on this occasion.

A practical serving soldier who was asked his first impression of Lord Haldane as War Secretary, some years ago, replied that he seemed a good enough man,

but that the War Office went on much the same whatever Minister was there; each successive Minister in his opinion began with the determination to reform the Army and ended with the conviction that the Army had reformed him. Whether the judgment was right or wrong as regards the present Lord Chancellor—who, after all, left a deeper impression on the War Office than many of his predecessors—it will not be passed on Lord Kitchener. He knows the machine, with all its limitations and possibilities; he is above all things a practical man. It may be a pity, as some think, that he was not there before, but, at any rate, the main thing is that he is there now.

The Kitchener that the public recognises may be a legend of the Nile invented by that brilliant journalist G. W. Stevens, a mechanism that marches irresistibly towards its objective with flawless calculations and indulges a passion for gardening and old china in leisure hours; the real Kitchener is an organiser of the human and other material needed for victory in the field, a tactful diplomatist when occasion requires—as the negotiations that led up to the Peace of Pretoria attest—and a man who does not commit that old and often fatal mistake of British generalship, the folly of underrating the enemy. He knew the strength of the Mahdi before he attacked that barbarian of the desert; it is evident that he has not underestimated the exertions required of Britain at this present. The public may hear the voice of Mr. Asquith, but they will recognise the hand of Kitchener in the demand for a vote on account of a hundred million sterling and an additional force of half a million men. The honourable decision of the Cabinet to intervene in the European war means a campaign on the grand scale. For good or evil, for the occasion or for all time, Britain will in a few weeks find herself becoming a military Power of the first rank. Less than this preparation would clearly have been inadequate for the work in hand, and it is with a feeling of relief that we notice Mr. Asquith has not shrunk from asking the House of Commons to sanction the full demand of his new Cabinet Minister. A petty economy at this moment would mean a gross extravagance in the end. We have gone to war to defend our honour and the liberties of Europe, and the first moment of defending that great cause is not the time for haggling about the cost.

Fortunately, in Lord Kitchener's hands, the country need not fear that a great expenditure will mean extravagance. If the demand, like the occasion, is a great one, we shall get value for our money. It was said of Lord Kitchener by the statesman who discovered him that his only fear was lest the new soldier should make war too popular because he made it too cheap. There is unhappily but little likelihood that in a war on a Napoleonic scale we shall complain at the end of its cheapness, but the War Office under its new chief will not waste its resources. There will be none of the waste or neglect or bad equipment that marred the administrative record of the Crimean War; nor such frittering away of resources—a brigade here, a regiment there, a Walcheren expedition, a Buenos Ayres fiasco, a Hayti death-trap—as historians record of the British Army in the struggle of a century back. Our resources, both of men and money, will be properly husbanded, and the striking force will strike with its full power.

The few and barely audible criticisms of Lord Kitchener's appointment may be dismissed. Those who have not yet grasped the meaning of war complain that constitutional custom has been violated by the presence of a soldier in a Cabinet of civilians. They forget that the Duke of Wellington was once Prime Minister. They suggest that Lord Kitchener will not be responsible to Parliament. They forget that he is a member of the House of Lords. They protest that in some strange way the Constitution will be damaged by his appointment. They forget that if the War Office were not competently run we might soon not have a Constitution at all. The answer to these people is that he is the best man for the work, and that in Kitchener, French and Jellicoe the nation has men it can trust.

Having said this, brief mention must be made of another aspect of the War Office administration. Before Mr. Asquith resigned the Secretaryship of State and appointed his successor, he was assisted for some few days by Lord Haldane. Now, the spectacle of a Lord Chancellor as unofficial Under Secretary for War would in the ordinary course, we admit, be incongruous; but there were special reasons in the present case which fully accounted for Lord Haldane's presence. As a past War Minister for some years he has great knowledge of War Office administration. He founded and organised the Territorial Force, and he is necessarily peculiarly well acquainted with the details surrounding its mobilisation for service, which was one of the chief engagements of the War Office early in the week. His presence at the War Office was therefore a natural and proper thing, apart altogether from the patriotic consideration which doubtless impelled him to lend a hand in helping an overworked colleague who was First Minister of the Crown as well as Secretary for War; and we regret that ungenerous attacks should have been made on Lord Haldane on that account. In particular, the suggestion that he should not have been engaged at the War Office because he is known to be a student of German philosophy and was employed recently on an unsuccessful mission to Berlin was grossly and gratuitously offensive. Lord Haldane is not a traitor, as this criticism implied; and if he is unfit to help at the War Office at this juncture he is unfit to be in the Government at all. We hope that we shall hear no more of this line of argument by abuse and innuendo. If Lord Haldane can help Lord Kitchener in any details of the War Office business, so much the better for the nation.

One other criticism remains to be noticed. It is said that another man could and should have been placed at the War Office because Lord Kitchener's presence is essential in Egypt, which is a vital factor in the oversea road to India. One may regret, it is true, that Lord Kitchener cannot return to Egypt, where he has during the last few years proved himself as great a civil administrator as a military organiser; one may also regret that the same man cannot be in two places at once. We do not believe that British interests in Egypt will be likely to suffer at this juncture. There is no possibility of a German attack in that country. The British troops there are excellent, the experienced commander at Cairo is one of Lord Kitchener's own men, and if necessary Indian troops could be drafted there. The work of reorganising Egyptian industry may proceed a little more slowly now that he is called away, but that is the inevitable result of a colossal disturbance. In this grave emergency the proper place for Lord Kitchener is at the head of the Army Administration.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE GREAT WAR.

A WEEKLY APPRECIATION BY VIELLE MOUSTACHE.

FOREWORD.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—27 Prov. I. v.

IN the British House of Commons on 23 July 1914 the Chancellor of the Exchequer in winding up the debate on the third reading of his Finance Bill, was tempted to refer to the expenditure and the growth of armaments, and amid the cheers of his supporters pointed to the symptoms of sanity now showing among the nations that would dispose of the burdens "not of armed peace but of armaments which are equivalent to war", and that the common sense of nations would recognise "that the civilisation which is able to deal with strife among small communities at home will be able, by some sane, well-ordered arbitrament, to extend its operations to the larger sphere of disputes among nations".

Within forty-eight hours of this very bad shot at the future the banks of the Danube and the Save were lined up with the rifles of opposing forces, destined

within a week to use them in deadly anger. The echo of this volley now reverberates 1,000 miles from north to south and 1,000 miles from east to west across the continent of Europe.

That this war was predetermined is plain to the poorest intellect. A dastardly crime afforded the opportunity of an excuse to carry out an even more atrocious crime which has been engineered for the past many years. The Cabinets of Europe received their warning at the conclusion of the first Balkan War. As a writer in a small work written nine months ago prophetically states, "Armies and fleets redoubled in numbers and efficiency are sad commentaries on Christianity's failure and inefficiency towards peace in this twentieth century. We live in an age of a mutual distrust, rivalry and rancour of nations. With the decay of Christian sentiment the code of honour and chivalry has become lower in tone. Treaties are now only binding so long as it suits a people and their interests. Peace may be maintained, but only by the process of 'Para bellum'. Diplomacy may avert the storm for awhile, but an armed diplomacy that permits of a nation jumping into war is the dominant factor'".*

One Power is singularly to blame for the coming Armageddon, due to a miscalculation in its policy which has for its groundwork the maintenance of the balance of power on the continent of Europe. When the scales weigh down on one side, a counterpoise is necessary to restore equilibrium. The waning manhood of France is of necessity unequal to the task, and it was Great Britain's first duty to adjust the balance either by personal effort or by a redistribution of allied forces. The policy of "a balance of power" must be a policy which enables its advocates to fight battles instead of writing notes. These are not the moments to pick holes in policy or discuss our national failings. Readers of the small work alluded to above will find in its pages the prophylactic to face a repetition of the situation now presented to us with a pronounced, and what is more important, a sustained effort; for it is when we have shot our first bolt that the stress upon the nation and its resources in trained men will be felt. That the nation is buckling to its duty in a manner inherited from its ancestors is a factor which must be reckoned with by its foes. The example of Ireland in this emergency is the bright star for the Mother Country to follow. Bury all axes and grasp the sword, for stronger than any armed force is a triumphant national spirit. We have got to see this business through, and we shall do it. Our best allies will be our own Press, whose help must be invoked by the example of a conspiracy of silence. In the story entrusted to my pen not a name or a number in our own forces will be disclosed for the benefit of a spy reader. The penalties of modern war are cruel to the parents and relatives of those who are fighting the battles of the nation. We must impose upon ourselves the splendid silence borne by Japan, who we know gave us the memorable example of withholding from themselves and the world the terrible loss of two battleships sunk in one day by the mines around Port Arthur. The pen of the mother in a simple letter to her warrior son may be a terrible intelligence agent to a foe in time of war. As an example, I may illustrate a case in our own late war in South Africa, when a large "drive" of the enemy against a blockhouse line that had been engineered for weeks ended in a blank. A Boer captured some days afterwards related the fact that in a post van captured on the line was a letter written by a young officer to his grandmother disclosing the intended operation and the part he was to play. The first days of this war will disclose our weak spots, and they may be many. Let the seal which shuts our lips and pens bear the impress of gold.

Lay readers and even students of war are apt to be bewildered by terms used by soldier writers in penning their story and reports, and it is well that a few definitions should be mastered to secure interest.

* "The Flaw in Our Armour." Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., Arundel Place, Haymarket, and at all bookstalls. 1s.

"Strategy and Tactics" are the two terms (common to both land and sea warfare) used to denote respectively the movements of opposing forces before and after contact. Strategy is therefore the methods by which a commander seeks to bring his enemy to battle, while tactics denote the methods by which a commander seeks to defeat his enemy in battle. The aim of strategy is therefore to manoeuvre without bloodshed.

"Distance" in military language is the space between men or bodies of troops from front to rear.

"Interval" is the lateral space between bodies of men measured from flank to flank.

"Depth" is the space occupied by a whole body of troops from front to rear.

"Base" is a place used as a stronghold or magazine from which an army is fed with men, material, horses, supplies of food and ammunition, and to which casualties are returned from the front.

"Line of Communication" is the route by road, rail, or water leading from the base of operation to the fighting line. An army which can shift its base in time of war possesses a distinct strategical advantage in the theatre of war.

"Intelligence" is the information gained by a commander from various sources—i.e., personal observation, reconnaissance, patrols, airmen, deserters, inhabitants, Press, tapping wires, etc., etc., which after sifting he concludes will justify further action. In modern war, with the broad front required by combatants, the accuracy of information is the dominant factor.

A few hints to readers who care to follow the course of the war in its various theatres may be useful. The military maps of the countries are no longer procurable, the War Office having commandeered all that could be found. Reference maps published by the various daily journals will alone be available. Mounted on millboard with drawing-pins and with a large supply of steel pins with variegated coloured heads to represent the forces of the seven nations now engaged, and with a scale on a handy card, the outfit is complete.

THE NORTH SEA AREA. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES," 5 AUGUST, 1914.

In the area which most concerns British action the interest in active operations by sea will naturally take precedence of those on land, for the good reason that the Fleet is ready and the Army is not yet in its position allocated in the strategic area. Security for the transit of the Army is the responsibility of the Navy. The harbours of the Low Countries may now be considered as splendid lurking places for the squadrons detailed to act upon the flank of any hostile ships that may meditate a dash at our Army transports, but the Navy will assuredly not be content and satisfied with their task until the "fleets in being" of the enemy are either brought to battle or sealed up.

Opposing fleets now enter the lists on fairly equal terms ship for ship, for war is a novelty to all navies. The issue lies more with the brain of the Admiral and the spirit of the men than with the skill of the seaman gunner and the inches of the ship's armour. The new instruments of war, above and below sea, will have to prove their value, and deeds of daring so dear to the young combatant officer will brighten the pages of the historian in his records of the hammer-and-tongs struggle between the mighty monsters of the deep.

We must remember, however, that the victory which we anticipate by sea will in no way make for peace in the coming Armageddon. It will merely clear the stage for the transport of such small force as we can find to place upon the flank of our allies. The opponents of the Channel Tunnel scheme must be bitterly regretting that the Union Jack is not already waving alongside of the Tricolour on the march to the strategic front. What a feature in morale it would be if even one British division were already on the

shores of France. For reasons better left alone it is doubtful if the programme arranged between the heads of the respective War Staffs can be kept up to its time schedule. At present six German Army Corps (A.C.) acting as covering troops face five French A.C.'s fulfilling the same duty. Along the frontiers a British A.C. is wanting. Behind these covering troops are massing the respective hostile striking armies. When by the most perfect war machinery in the world the German movements become developed we may hope to divine intentions and discuss the problems presented. RUSSIAN FRONTIER AREA. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES."

No movement that can affect the issue can be expected until the Russian mobilisation is complete. A slow method of mobilisation is imposed upon the Russian Staff arrangements by the want of strategic railways running towards the frontier and the enormous distances to be traversed.

THE DANUBE FRONTIER AREA. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES," 29 JULY.

The offensive movement commenced by Austria-Hungary on the 28 July has been suspended, owing to the declaration of war by Russia on that Power. The defensive campaign planned by Serbia, which offered a most difficult nut for its opponents to crack, will now probably be turned into offensive operations. The large increase of territory added to this small kingdom enables her to put into the field a considerable force. It must be remembered that many months of recent war have given this army a training which will make it more than a match for an equal number of Austrians, and we may expect to hear that a Serbian army acting from Ushitza will, by operating towards Bosnia, create a situation that will seriously embarrass the political stability of the Dual Monarchy.

It will be surprising if in the course of a week the Powers of Turkey and Greece have not agreed to appeal again to arms.

In war operations by sea and land the element of time spells more than money. It means that forces intended for situations in the area of campaign are forestalled by the more active enemy, who thus dislocates a conceived strategical idea, imposes fresh combinations and plans upon his enemy, and necessitates loss to make good the ground upon which the original strategy was based. No amount of money will buy the time once lost. Our delay in taking up arms may cost us 25 millions and 25,000 men. With the new War Minister now presiding in Whitehall we may anticipate that the formation of a second Expeditionary Force of 150,000 men will be organised to meet the appalling war wastage which a modern struggle of arms demands.

THE KEY.

BY BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.

THE narrow drive was such a blaze of colour that I stood astonished; in the little garden there was only enough green to form a background for the radiance. No walls of New Jerusalem, built of gold and garnished with emeralds, rubies, and all the glory of unknown precious stones, could ever bring about a more desirable dream of beauty than that mass of colour under the wonder-working sun. The forget-me-nots like lakes of bluest water, the brown and pink and gold of the wallflowers, the scarlet tulips, the rose and white of the rhododendron, and above them all the lilac, all the desires of spring in the cool, fresh chastity of its scent and touch. There is little doubt that England at such a time is worth a voyage of discovery.

One must do something on such a day—that's the spirit bequeathed us by our roving ancestors. So I left the garden flowers and the soft blue waters falling on the sands beneath with the hush of a sleeping child in each little wave break and motored away filled with enthusiasm and eagerness to add something to the day's memories.

There really seemed little one could do except race along empty country roads and gaze in at village shops and wonder who needed the surprising things stored up in them. And as is always the case in every village, at length I found myself before the Old Curiosity Shop. I am grateful when it's not called "Ye Antique House" or something equally modern.

This one had no pretensions. It consisted of one window and a tiny room filled with rubbish, each article with a placard recounting its merits, most of them unrecognisable otherwise. China cats with one ear were apparently very valuable and the volubility of the owner showed he was accustomed to the art of persuasion. Anyhow, I was persuaded—I always am, because while he is talking I can go round on my knees in the less fashionable corners, where possibly I may find something to interest me more than the genuine old Staffordshire ware and Worcester cups and saucers. There may be an old brass-bound Bible that no one cares for, or something that tells a story of the past and is not valuable—I mean valuable in the eyes of its talkative owner.

But on that day which was so opulent of colour abroad and so deplorably dark and gloomy in the shadow of the dingy little shop there seemed really nothing that could appeal even to me. Rows of rattling, worn kitchen spoons and cooking utensils, the mysterious, incomprehensible implements which suggest a cottage kitchen and yet which fail to explain their utility to one's unenlightened understanding. Pewter beer mugs tell their story anyhow clearly enough. One can imagine the gradual cheerfulness creeping to the tired brain when beer was unadulterated, and was the one joy in the poor man's dull routine, the one possible way of opening the gate into that land of dreams to which we all try to find an entrance.

Among the bunches of ill-shaped spoons and time-worn keys on a nail by itself hung one large and important enough to have served Bluebeard.

As I looked at it I could see the old castle and the fatuous husband giving his directions, with the hopeful belief of the man departing on the mysterious pursuit of business or pleasure that the woman left behind will obey his instructions in trembling fear of the consequences of disobedience. I could see the departure, feel the bride's elation which embraced the certainty of gratified curiosity and that held no premature fear of dire results. I wonder what she really hoped to discover. Perhaps she dreamt of hidden beauty that in the pompous wealth of the gloomy castle she had failed to find. Did her dream centre in diamonds and rubies or undying thoughts in priceless bindings? It is impossible to know what in her barren existence she had come to long for—but of this we may be sure, the key in her eager hands stood for whatever her soul needed, that its possession consoled her as she hid it while she stood watching her terrifying husband and smiling good-bye till he had vanished from her sight. For her it symbolised all that the new life on which she had carelessly entered had failed to provide.

The key, the sight of which had carried me so far afield, hung on a nail in proud distinctive loneliness—its humbler companions bunched together above it. It was rusty and clumsy and possessed no distinctive marks of value—a worn, ragged piece of paper tied to it attested its *raison d'être*.

Idly I turned it round and glanced at what was written thereon; the first words quickened my interest.

"This key is that of the prison in which the Delhi prisoners were kept."

And then followed its brief history. It had belonged to a soldier who had brought it home. At his death the house in which he lived, in a large seaport town, had been pulled down and his little possessions had found their way hither.

Slowly the bright sunshine faded and over the cool lilac and the budding greens fell a shadow black and terrible that banished all I saw and in exchange called up all I had heard.

India in rebellion and everywhere men fighting for their lives and their country. Above a brazen sky,

out of which a fierce sun stared down on them in mid-summer fury. Under its scorching rays rebels in arms, towns besieged and assaulted; a little garrison defending what was almost defenceless for the sake of the flag above them. In such conditions men, at any rate, had their grim, unceasing duties—the risk of guns, a tireless enemy, and ever-insistent thirst. But what of the women hidden away in such comparative safety as was possible with the sick and wounded, wearied children to comfort and console, crying babies to soothe through broiling days and suffocating nights.

Doubtless to both, the toiling man and the enduring woman, there came in swift flashes dreams and memories of England in June.

All those troubles, little and great, that dog man's footsteps, and that nowhere can be escaped, were forgotten, nothing remained but the memory of soft blue skies, the white clouds that dissolved in brief, welcome showers, the gently stirring wind among the fresh green of the oaks and birches, the wafts of scent from familiar gardens—all the harmonious blending of sound and smell that only June can produce.

"To think that there should be twelve months in a year and only one June."

I saw the worn-out women catching at those memories between the sigh of some dying soldier and the cry of some suffering child. No time for tears, only a softer thought effacing the bitter anguish of the present and obliterating for a moment the ever-haunting grief for those daily dug graves that were emptying life of all that was dear, the narrowing in of that terrifying future towards which no one dared to look.

For one second there was the scent of limes, the murmur of bees, the homely sound of church bells on the summer air. Then the awakening crash, the realisation of the accustomed loud-voiced gun, the treasured drops of precious water, whose price was life, the sun shining in a sky of brass.

I put back the heavy key that had opened so much more than those Delhi prisons, and prayed the lock might turn and enclose those memories it had called up, and hurried away into the street, through which a cold spring wind was blowing, banishing the scent of lilac with its prophecies of spring. The conquest of India cannot be resolved into rows of figures—it was not with money it was bought, but with the heroism and stern suffering of men and the endurance of those women who, of courage or necessity, shared their fate.

THE DESERTED THEATRE.

By JOHN PALMER.

RETURNING to the London theatre after a holiday is always a little strange. We come suddenly out of the sun into a gloom fantastic with shapes unlike anything in the living world. It takes time to get used to the expert activities of our London theatre. One has carefully to re-induce in oneself a conviction that these activities are important and reasonable. Gradually, as the season advances, one is broken to the professional view. It is again possible to be moved by the happiness or distress of creatures in a play who fail or succeed in satisfactorily arranging their affairs of the heart. It is again possible to be intrigued by the turns of one of the half-dozen plots acceptable and current among fashionable playmakers. It is again possible to believe that our modern players are children of Nature uttering themselves beautifully according to universal law. But these things are not possible on arriving fresh from the country. It takes time to get into the necessary state of mind. Towards the end of the season this necessary state of mind duly arrives. In a word, every dramatic critic towards the end of every season is a little mad; and he clearly perceives the extent of his madness after a few weeks in the open air. Away from London, with real people and things to contemplate, the professional view wears off and he agreeably forgets all about the English drama. His first sensation on coming back to town is one of mild surprise that the theatre still exists. It had begun to

seem an evil vision of the night before. But London does not change because one has spent a few weeks in the country. There is still the Strand and the Strand Theatre. The yellow bills with chocolate lettering announcing two hundred nights of "Mr. Wu" are rampant yet. How well is that yellow bill remembered! Not two months ago it was sent to me in a large envelope by an unknown hand, exuberant and anonymous—the retort courteous to an ancient article upon the worst play in London? Well, the worst play in London was not an evil dream. It persists.

If the activities of our theatre seem a little strange upon an ordinary return after an ordinary absence, how do they strike one in this present week of grave reality and stress? Even as we return from weeks of assured pleasure to weeks of assured routine there is something incongruous in taking up the threads. Our theatre to-day is so remote from life, so fussy and impertinent, so quaintly out of the stream of things, that to enter it once more seems like cutting oneself off from the normal, serious life of a civilised people. If this be so when the time runs easily from day to day, it is infinitely more so when the time runs breathlessly from pause to pause in a tale that is shaking Europe. How infinitely remote does our theatre seem at this present moment! It has now to compete, not with the drama of assured routine, but with the threat of disaster, with the certainty of hardship and war. Within view of the yellow bills announcing "Mr. Wu" are people on the pavement shaking open the shouted editions of a late newspaper. Here is reality. Here is matter whence everyone for himself may fashion his own picture of wrath, of the moving of time and fate, of large issues, of great actors filling big parts in a play that will one day be the history of the world. Here is stuff to touch the imagination of even the dull and the inattentive. Even those who do not realise the imaginative riches of the common round of every day are thrilled to find that all Europe is a stage with armies and peoples waiting for the curtain to be rung up. Beside this mighty drama of war how shall the dreary pretences of "Mr. Wu", factitious and uninspired, successfully lure us out of the sun into the limelight? How are we going to believe that the theatre matters, as it seemed to matter not six weeks ago? If, normally, it is difficult to believe that the English theatre counts for very much, how shall we continue to believe it now?

The coming weeks will answer that. At this moment it is impossible to pretend that any man believes in the shadow shows of our English theatre, or desires that they should be discussed. Even at these pitiful shadow shows there is always one breathless moment of suspense. It is the moment before the curtain rises, when one is able to imagine what infinite possibilities may be shrouded by the veil waiting to be torn. To-day a vast audience is waiting before a curtain drawn across half the world. Till that curtain has been rung up our eyes are held, our imagination is fixed.

We can no more do without art than we can healthfully do without food or rest; but art, though it rules and leads the world, imprinting its fiat upon the centuries, is always put entirely out by life when life becomes insistent. We arrest a tragedy when we hear the death of a king. We would, if stones were lacking, build a rampart of the treasures of the Louvre to hold an invader at bay. We would not hesitate to bombard our enemy even though he sheltered behind all the architectural masterpieces of the world. Even were the English theatre to-day the great Elizabethan theatre of yesterday, it would be unreasonable to require that the theatre should now be full. Even Shakespeare might be glad to have failed of an audience on the night when Medina Sidonia was beaten back. There are times when to live is more important than to live well. Art can be put aside for a breathing time; and it will not suffer. Rather it will wonderfully blossom out of the fullness and vigour of life's effort. Shakespeare would certainly have lighted the best of his MS. to singe King Philip's beard, arguing, if he cared to argue, that it was better to save England than a screed of English poetry. These high arguments reaching at Shakespeare himself, leave little room for

regret that the poor little English theatre of to-day is likely to be deserted in these coming weeks. The English citizen who can put from his mind to-day the great drama in which his country is involved, refusing to be thrilled in the Strand, and consenting to be thrilled in the Strand Theatre, is a person to be suspected. Something about him is very wrong. Patriotism, common-sense, imagination, public decency—they all denounce him to the world. Possibly, by force of circumstances, I shall myself be present at the play during these next few weeks. But I shall not pretend even to that small degree of absorption which is only decent and reasonable in a dramatic critic. There can only be one excuse for fiddling while the city burns. It is arguable that it is well to keep our countenance and follow the normal way of life. Otherwise there is no limit to the chaos we invoke. Let us not be wholly disorganised because there is war in Europe. To shut the theatre, to silence all music, and veil all the pictures would not argue absorption in reality. It would argue hysteria. Nevertheless, no serious citizen can pretend at this time that art for art's sake is a satisfying creed or can agree to find the playhouse very moving or adequate in its appeal. If in the next few weeks we continue to be amused in our theatres, it is only because, very rightly, habit at such a time has the positive virtue of making life endurable, of hiding from us the enormous catastrophe of every day.

THE CAUSE OF ENGLAND.

ALL, all our hopes are trampled in the dust.
All, all our work is like a windlestraw
Whirled on the flood the breakers of their trust
Have loosed to swamp morality and law.
All we have built is razed to the ground,
And dragons' teeth are sown where beauty did abound.

Barbarism's loose in lust and cruelty,
Maddened with its hate of mind and art and truth
In the ordered nations—England for the free,
France for the idea, all for Love and Ruth.
War for Lust declared is. War for Right shall meet
Treacherous aggressors and bring them to defeat.

More than for country, England, is this fight,
More than for play. England, fight to save
The life we've wrought to bring into the light,
The hope we're pledged to rescue from the grave!
This is our cause, the freedom of the World
Housed four square where our great flag's unfurled.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The present war is due primarily to the unnatural divisions of Europe, created by "practical" statesmen with a lofty scorn of what Napoleon called "ideologues."

When the fighting has been done this great anomaly is pretty sure to be swept away. Whatever else happens, that grotesque mosaic of peoples and races, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, will be shattered. Let Europe beware lest, in the final settlement, it agrees to the re-erection of any such artificial grouping of peoples. I do not suppose that Russia will take the opportunity that offers. But what an act of statesmanship it would be if at the beginning of the war she would proclaim something as follows:—

That, if she has success in arms, she will give a Constitution to Poland, use her influence to restore the ancient kingdom with the inclusion of Prussian and Austrian provinces, and treat the whole of the restored kingdom as a practically independent State, with such arrangements as to a customs union and common action in war and peace as may be acceptable to both kingdoms.

This would add immensely to her real strength, introduce a new and vital factor in regard to the balance of power, and contribute to the stability of the new Europe.

Italy should, of course, have the Italian provinces of Austria, and suitable provision, allowing for ethnical considerations, could be made for the non-German parts of the Austrian monarchy. Finally, German Austria herself could join the Germanic Federation.

But I suppose "practical" statesmanship, which made a single kingdom of Holland and Belgium, will go on to the end of the chapter regarding outward symmetry and inward confusion as the true basis of nationhood.

I am, etc.,

E. R. T.

IRELAND AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Pevensey Bay,

4 August 1914.

SIR,—Honour to whom honour is due. Every Irishman must be proud of Mr. Redmond's patriotic speech last night. It marks a new era in the Irish question, while it is in striking and welcome contrast to the narrow and illogical speech of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and to the "dregs and lees of debate" which followed.

But, proud as we are of the splendid spirit of Mr. Redmond's speech, we cannot be blind to the extraordinary difficulties there will be in translating that spirit into action. The volunteers of the North may be, even now, as ready as any English Territorials. But they have, nevertheless, little time to lose if they are to fit themselves for the task that we hope the Government will forthwith entrust to them: that, in Mr. Redmond's words, of "defending the coasts of their country from foreign invasion". For there are no troops in the world more highly trained and skilled than the enemy whom they may be called upon to meet.

But the volunteers of the South are in quite different case. They are splendid material—no better can be found—and, actuated by the spirit of their leader, they should, when properly armed and trained, be able to render a good account of themselves against any enemy whatsoever. But at present they are, in many cases, without arms or equipment or any proper training. The deficiencies can be remedied in time. But time is short; and time, above everything, is needed. No soldier can be made in a day; and the greatest difficulty will be with regard to officers.

However, this is all a question now for the Government, and they will know how to deal with it—and that quickly. Ireland has done her part. There are the men and there is the spirit! Honour to Ireland, North and South! ready to sink all differences in face of the common enemy.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

AN IRISH UNIONIST.

OUR FOOD SUPPLY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22, Trafalgar Square, Chelsea, S.W.

2 August 1914.

SIR,—Mr. Gawen Gogay's letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW of August 1, to the effect that in two months England might be starving if there were a protracted war, stirs one to ask: Could not those of the ladies of England who have strength to play so much golf and tennis, and others of the leisured class, be found patriotic enough to give their services to cultivate land for the benefit of their country in time of war? So would they really earn the title of "lady" or "loaf-giver"?

A cousin of mine who was educated at Reading College, daughter of the late Colonel Langmore, C.B., became a most proficient gardener; surely every leisured woman in this anxious time is determining to do her share for her country's honour and safety—some as nurses, some as hospital servants. Many a lady would gladly come forward to give of her strength and energy to make England internally self-supporting as regards the necessities of life if only the way was set before her.

Could not some of our great landowners be induced to give tracts of land where farms and gardens might be started for this object? The proceeds of such lands might accumulate in time of peace to swell the granaries which our country so needs in war time.

The present time is a great call to our nation to duty, to arouse ourselves from self-pleasing; and in striving to answer the call our characters will become purified and strengthened, whether success or failure attends our endeavours. And so true success will have been attained, for character is the only thing we take out of this life with us.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

ALICE E. LANGMORE.

HOW TO MINIMISE A FOOD FAMINE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20, Fairlawn Park, Chiswick, W.

SIR,—Some years ago you permitted me to point the way to halving our food bills; such advice falls on deaf ears in prosperous times, but with the prospect of troublous times and a possible food famine, people may listen to facts that all ought to know.

The remarkable experiences of Mr. Horace Fletcher, verified by the exhaustive scientific experiments of Professors Chittenden and Fisher, demonstrated the vital fact that the average man eats from one-half to two-thirds more food than is needed for highest health and efficiency. To put it shortly, one-third of the usual quantity of food is needed to support a man in highest mental and physical vigour; the other two-thirds are needed to support doctors and sanatoria!

Professor Chittenden's results were published in an epoch-making work, "Physiological Economy in Nutrition", and these are confirmed by the thorough investigations of Dr. M. Hindhede in his more recent work, "Protein and Nutrition"; this scientist traces nearly all the "ills which flesh is heir to" mainly to over-feeding. Dr. Chittenden first took a batch of brain workers; reduced their diet to little more than one-third of their usual rations. The result was they soon dropped their chronic headaches and other ailments, were brighter, stronger, and happier. A batch of all-round athletes, trained to the pink of perfection by the old means, improved from 20 to 100 per cent. on the reduced quantity of food. A squad of soldiers were improved out of all recognition by like treatment. There can be little doubt that the steady increase of lunacy is due to over-eating and under-chewing. Nature points the cure by causing "lunatics" to hunger-strike, which cure the doctors promptly frustrate by forcible feeding!

Professor Irving Fisher's experiments, published by the Yale University, "The Effect of Diet on Endurance", were mainly to test the other side of "Fletcherism", that is the necessity of out-Gladstoning Gladstone in the matter of thoroughness of mastication.

Personally, I am a sort of signpost which points the way without going that way itself; this is owing to the tyranny of hunger habit and household routine; but when staying at hotels abroad I take a light breakfast, one egg, coffee, and two rolls and butter, and then take nothing until the ordinary *table d'hôte* dinner at 7.30, and not too much of that. Then I am 50 per cent. better than at any other time, can walk, climb, work, carry heavy traps, sit out in all weathers, and endure extremes of heat and cold. Then I am "fit as a fiddle"! So "eat less but eat it more" and remember that in diet the minimum is the optimum.

With a reduction of the quantity of food comes a sense of mental brightness and exhilaration, a new joy of life, and immunity from a host of ills; but we are in the grip of habit, of ignorance and prejudice, and nothing less than a severe food famine will make any impression or jolt us out of our bad old habits. If we were to eat only the quantity that is best for us, our restricted supplies would more than suffice.

Yours faithfully,

E. WAKE COOK.

PROTECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wick Court, near Bristol.

SIR,—Those of us who have stood out for Protection as against Tariff Reform have been treated up to the present as sheer "outsiders".

At present the very fact that we cannot feed ourselves, quite apart from whether or not our existing food supplies are sufficient, must cause a dangerous rise in prices. If we had had protection for our food supply, should we not now be in as good a position as France, the neighbour by land of Germany?

Is it too late for the compromise Tariff Reform to be thrown over for Protection with the minimum wage?

Your obedient servant,

F. C. CONSTABLE.

THE PEACE SOCIETY'S APPEAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Peace Society, 47, New Broad Street,

London, E.C.

SIR,—We shall be greatly obliged by the insertion of the enclosed information, which will probably interest your readers.

The following Appeal has been issued by the Peace Society, 5 August 1914:—

Now that War has been declared, and the last hope of maintaining the neutrality of this country has been cut off, the Peace Society, which for nearly a century has represented the cause of International Peace, appeals to the people of this country.

The views of this Society in respect to war are well known, and they are in no way affected by this fresh outbreak, but if they had been followed there would have been no war.

War, it insists, is a crime, and between Christian peoples it should be unthinkable. It is especially to be noted that preparation for war necessarily leads to war, and that large armies and navies are always a menace to Peace.

But war is in progress, and the practical question now is: What should be done? It is too late to talk of neutrality or of mere details. The Society appeals to the people to maintain a dignified and patient self-control, to restrain all ebullitions of feeling and passion, and to avoid all harsh and irritating speech towards those who are in conflict.

It appeals to all to hold themselves in check, and, while praying for the return of Peace, to be on the alert for every opening that may lead towards it.

Yours faithfully,

W. EVANS DARBY,

Secretary.

MR. MORLEY AND VICTOR HUGO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your last issue (25 July 1914, page 99) one of your correspondents has quoted from an early review written by John Morley of Victor Hugo's "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" the following words:

"Victor Hugo is not affected by the sea as other poets have been. Of course, nobody expected to find him talking silly nonsense about its moaning over the harbour-bar while men must work and women must weep, or reducing the sea to the common drawing-room measure of polished sentimental prettiness."

Few people would, I think, deny the beauty and pathos of Kingsley's "Three Fishers". It may be of interest, however, to recall Victor Hugo's "La Source", for comparison or contrast.

I venture to send you this copy, with a rather free translation of my own, if perchance it may interest your readers.

LA SOURCE.

La Source tombait du rocher

Goutte à goutte à la mer affreuse;

L'Océan fatal au nocher

Lui dit:—Que me veut tu, pleureuse?

Je suis la tempête et l'effroie;

Je finis où la ciel commence.

Est-ce que j'ai besoin de toi

Petite, moi qui suis l'immense?

La source dit au gouffre amer:

Je le donne sans bruit ni gloire

Ce qui te manque, O vaste mer!

Une goutte d'eau qu'on peut boire!

VICTOR HUGO, Avril 1854.

THE SPRING.

Adown the cliff there fell a tiny spring,
Sprinkling with water clear the sea-bird's wing.
The mighty wave, tumbling on level brim,
Asked gruffly, "What did he want with him."

I am, said he, the dreadful Ocean wide.
Fathomless, boundless, and the rolling Tide.
What need to me your puny assistance,
I, so mighty, and so vast, immense?

The Spring, whispering reply, answer'd the roar
Of salt sea waves thundering on the shore;
I yield to those who need, what you can never give,
A draught of water they may drink, and live!

Translation, 17 May 1914.

HUGH SADLER.

MOTORING IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hotel Pace, Scanno.

29 July 1914.

SIR,—I have just been reading Mr. Hecht's account of the motoring route from Reims to Metz and Luxemburg, and its perusal convinces me that a motor traveller does see and is expected to see very little of the really interesting features of the country through which he passes. Châlons and its neighbourhood are, I see, left for another article, but the battle of Valmy, which lies off the route, is mentioned as a somewhat trifling affair, although to the historian it is undoubtedly one of the decisive battles of the world. Many years ago I passed over the same roads on a rear-steering tricycle, and therefore had great advantages over a motorist. But even a motorist might have remembered that he was travelling over the route of Louis XVI. to Varennes, which gives Sainte Ménéhould, and, indeed, almost every village through which he passes, an undying interest. As for Verdun, I only wish that the admirable "Coq Hardi" was a typical French hostelry. The delicious local wine is at least as worth mentioning as the "écrevisses", and it is extraordinary that no account is taken of Verdun having been for more than ten years the home of aristocratic English prisoners, who have left many monuments behind them. I look with interest to Mr. Hecht's account of Châlons, but at present I feel grateful that my travels on wheels through this district belong to a pre-motor age.

Yours faithfully,

OSCAR BROWNING.

AUGUSTE ANGELLIER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7, Lyndhurst Road,

Hampstead Heath, N.W.

19 July 1914.

SIR,—The SATURDAY REVIEW has more than once noticed and praised the work of Auguste Angellier. You may perhaps be able, therefore, to find room for the following speech made at the inauguration of his monument at Boulogne last Sunday. I trust it may give as much pleasure to the English admirers of Angellier as, to judge by the Press notices and other comments, it appears to have given to his French ones.

DISCOURS DE M. CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

Monsieur le Maire,

Mesdames et Messieurs,

En prenant la parole dans une occasion aussi importante et aussi solennelle que celle de l'inauguration de ce buste de feu mon ami Auguste Angellier, la maladresse dont je vais faire preuve en maniant votre langue, je vous prie de me la pardonner d'avance en vertu des sentiments profonds de respect et d'admiration qui m'ont amené à entreprendre ce pèlerinage pieux pour assister à la dédicace de ce monument grandiose, véritable résurrection en pierre de votre grand poète Boulonnais.

Certes, malgré mon nom et ma nationalité Britannique, je ne me sens pas tout à fait étranger dans ce pays voisin de la vieille Normandie que mes aïeux ont quittée à une époque un peu lointaine, il est vrai, c'est-à-dire à la suite de Guillaume le Conquérant, pour chercher fortune en Angleterre. Malheureusement à cause du séjour un peu prolongé qu'ils ont fait en Angleterre ils ont fini, hélas ! par oublier le doux parler de leur pays d'origine, quoique j'aie tâché pour ma part à rentrer un peu en possession de notre idiome d'autrefois.

D'autres ont parlé et vous parleront encore en se plaçant au point de vue français, des talents si remarquables et si divers de l'illustre défunt. Quant à moi, je me bornerai à exprimer en quelques mots l'admiration extrême qu'a su inspirer Angellier à ceux de mes compatriotes qui ont eu le bonheur de le fréquenter ou de connaître son œuvre poétique.

Foncièrement Français, avec toutes les qualités de sa race, il était quand même un peu des nôtres, de cœur au moins. Pour lui, Shakspeare, Tennyson, Burns n'avaient pas de secrets. Quant à Burns, son œuvre magistrale sur ce dernier passe chez nous pour le meilleur livre qu'on ait consacré à la gloire du maître chanteur écossais. En effet Angellier a apporté à l'étude de notre littérature cette haute et vive intelligence, si essentiellement française, qui, par sa profondeur et sa finesse, finit par se confondre avec la sympathie même, puisque tout comprendre est tout aimer.

Mais il n'est pas seulement le commentateur savant de nos auteurs, il en était également un des vulgarisateurs et des apôtres les plus ardents, les plus éclairés parmi cette remarquable Pleiade d'Anglicisants : Beljame, Hovelague, Legouis, Derocquigny, Koszul, dont la plupart sont heureusement encore en pleine vie et activité. Avec eux il a remis en circulation notre littérature dans ce pays qui est depuis des siècles, pour ainsi dire, la Bourse intellectuelle de l'Europe. A vrai dire, Angellier a été chez vous un des grands courtiers de la pensée Britannique et nous autres Anglais, nous lui en devons une vive, une éternelle reconnaissance.

Je voudrais ajouter deux mots aussi sur cette partie de son œuvre qui me paraît plus durable encore que ce monument en pierre que vous avez dressé en son honneur. Je veux dire cette longue et glorieuse série de poèmes intitulés "Dans la lumière antique", où sans les imiter de trop près il lutte si victorieusement avec les Anciens. Dans le "Dialogue de l'Orateur" il rivalise avec Juvénal, dans celui du "Potier et la Jeune Fille" avec Théocrite, mais dans celui de "L'Etrangère" il est sans rival, à moins que la profondeur et l'apreté de sa pensée ne rappellent Lucrèce par certains endroits.

Certes on pense parfois, en le lisant à André Chénier, mais à une oreille anglaise au moins, le rythme de leurs vers sonne bien distinct : le vers d'Angellier évoque chez moi plutôt les qualités de la sculpture, de la pure ligne, des bas-reliefs en bronze, de l'architecture Grecque ou Romaine. En un mot sa pensée dominait d'habitude ou plutôt réglait ses sentiments, ses émotions. C'était surtout un poète philosophe. Stoïcien dans la plupart de ses dialogues, il est passé vers la fin par des étapes insensibles, à un autre point de vue, celui de la Pitié Universelle dans cette odysée de la Douleur qui s'appelle le Luctus Matris.

Je ne connais dans la Littérature rien de plus émouvant, de plus déchirant que la description de cette via Dolorosa qu'il a tracée en peignant l'angoisse d'une Niobé moderne disputant sa fille au Ciel implacable. Je peux seulement la comparer à cette lente et atroce agonie qu'il était destiné lui-même à subir plus tard. Dans ce poème il a sondé le fonds et le tréfonds du cœur humain, il a su déceler en nous ces sources intimes au centre même de notre être d'où jaillissent les immenses flots de cette Pitié que nous font seuls éprouver les plus grands écrivains, les demi-dieux de la terre, les Shakspeare, les Tolstoï, les Victor Hugo.

En touchant ainsi au divin il s'est fait immortel, ou au moins en s'incorporant, pour ainsi dire, avec notre humanité commune, en se faisant chair de notre chair et âme de notre âme, il s'est assuré une destinée et une survivance aussi certaines et aussi durables que celles de la race humaine.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

REVIEWS.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

"Elizabethan Literature." By J. M. Robertson. Williams and Norgate. 1s. net.

IT is fitting in this week of swift events touching England to the heart that this small book should fall to be reviewed. All the fire and virility of England is in the literature surveyed in these few pages. We will turn away from the scholarship and detail of Mr. Robertson, and briefly ask what this period of Elizabeth, what this immortal legacy of drama and song, poetry and romance, means to us as a nation in this present hour.

Elizabethan literature is more than Shakespeare and his friends. Sidney, Spenser, Hooker, and Bacon are only the brighter points in a blaze of splendid reputations which, apart from the Elizabethan theatre, would put these years beyond comparison with any period in the history of letters, not excepting the Greek age of Pericles or the great romantic age of Coleridge. When we have added Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists to these other immortal men we are in the presence of a miracle that no talk of schools or influences, no chapter of literary accidents, can explain. This great literature, unlike any literature before or since, suddenly flamed into being and as suddenly went out. What is the secret of this catastrophic expansion? After we have duly read all the learned books upon its ebb and flow—books that tell us whence to derive the double endings of Fletcher, the "conceits" of Shakespeare, or the full, strong closes of Marlowe—we remain unsatisfied that the mystery has been revealed. Nor can we agree to fall back on Mr. Robertson's ultimate decision. He tells us, speaking only of the playwrights, that "the dramatic efflorescence of the last fifteen or twenty years of Elizabeth's reign was one of the results of a rapid fertilisation of the English intelligence by a variety of forms of foreign culture under fostering social and economic conditions, which brought together a handful of playwrights of varying degrees of genius, one of them supremely gifted".

Miracles do not happen so. This wonderful burgeoning of the imagination was not induced by good government and foreign culture. We shall not repeat the age of Elizabeth by feeding the English well and exposing them to a fertilisation of the intelligence from abroad. Mr. Robertson's "handful of playwrights of varying degrees of genius" may be called as persistently as the spirits of Glendower; but they will not come upon such an invocation. Nor does Mr. Robertson's appeal to the "freedom" of the Elizabethan age seem very satisfactory. There was no freedom under Elizabeth in the modern sense. As to the freedom of Mr. Robertson's handful of playwrights it was mostly freedom to be bullied by local authorities and pilloried for "lewd" words—words, that is, reflecting unfavourably upon the Government of the day. If freedom were all, we might start an Elizabethan age to-morrow. We are all free to write like Shakespeare. Freedom will not do, nor will economics. The literature of Elizabeth's reign is inexplicable as a rather more than usually good publishing season. It is true that people were alive to books and plays, and astonishingly able to get the best that ever were printed. But this was no mere literary phenomenon. The English nation of Elizabeth was alive to books because it was alive to everything that really mattered. Elizabethan literature rose on the flood of a national life, rich, conscious, and abounding. It sprang out of the alert emotion—the awakened spirit, tense and virile—of a people eagerly aspiring, victoriously taking a front place in history, intensely national and patriotic. Reaching out into a New World, and at odds with a World Power, England vibrated with energy. The men of that time felt greatly about great issues. They lived in a passionate contemplation of a national life,

sentient and heroic. Their literature was the chanted adventure of a people, breaking into an utterance that strained language to its farthest limit.

The force of patriotism in literature is inestimable. The corporate sense of fellowship within and of enemies without loosens the poet's tongue and gives him an audience which is bound to hear. The inspiration of this corporate feeling flows through and through the literature of the Elizabethan age. Men have become aware of themselves and of one another; and they passionately find expression. The extravagance and exuberance of this expression are explained and justified by an intense feeling which puts it beyond power of injury or scorn. It safely survives the ridicule of calm critics who have learned to say no more than they really mean. Intellectual readers of the Elizabethan poets have lately talked contemptuously of the period as a whole. We are told that it is a period which had an immense facility of expression with very little to express. These critics look to the Elizabethans for theories and ideas, for a conscious attitude towards life and original schemes of living. These they do not find, and they imagine that the rest is silence. But to judge the Elizabethans by a bald output of ideas—ideas which look as well in one man's English as another's—is simply to commit a literary blunder. The glory of this literature is in the white heat of its passion for simple issues; in the living throb of its perpetual opposition of good and evil; in the brave joy of its adolescent singing. Elizabethan tragedy is a blow and a prayer aimed at the enemies of England. Elizabethan comedy is the triumph and laughter of a strong land.

To deny the power of selfless patriotism and national achievement as a literary inspiration is to reduce literature to an unreal succession of academies and schools. It is not an accident that the English nation simultaneously discovered her great political mission and the resources of the English tongue. England lived to possess and realise herself in strength; she also learned how to utter herself aloud, no longer in choicest Latin but in the greatest English. Nor is it to-day an accident that those who talk of the passing of frontiers and the indiscriminate mingling of nations should also dream of a pigeon speech for mankind fashioned of scraps and relics of national tongues. These are nightmares wherein dead eloquence fitly celebrates the ruined spirit of nations. They will never be realised in the light of day. The inspiration of Elizabeth comes back at the hint of threat. Frontiers are drawn again; and men's capacity to aspire and suffer is challenged in the name of a primitive idea. It then becomes possible for a whole multitude to passion for a cause. A people is braced and moved. At such a time should there be that handful of the articulate which no generation entirely lacks, the day is ripe. It is possible, then, that the Elizabethan age may be renewed. But, though the moment may pass, and has often passed, without a voice lifted in celebration, the converse is unthinkable. A great national literature without a great stirring of national feeling, without life, rich and abundant, rooted in the soil of some blessed plot, is utterly inconceivable. To explain Shakespeare we must remember Howard of Effingham; and tell again an historic tale of war waged for life and honour against the four corners of the world in arms.

Therefore this little book has a message for all English people at this hour—a message undreamed by its author in the writing. We shall not immediately blossom into drama and song under the stress of sincere national feeling; yet life, as under Elizabeth, must in the end be richer for this awful stirring of the waters. The angel who stirs this pool to-day is not an angel of healing to the view. But it must count in the life of England to come that England has been greatly and justly stirred to the heart—that she has not refused the great political mission whose beginnings inspired the voice of England three hundred years ago. For a time we have shut our hearts to all but the menace and the duty of war. But the reward may yet come in a deeper life of the spirit and the imagina-

tion than any we have known since Napoleon was justly thwarted and fell at Waterloo. When the sword is sheathed, then may we hear again the immortal song of the sword.

ANATOLE FRANCE TO-DAY.

"On Life and Letters." Second Series. By Anatole France. Translated by A. W. Evans. Lane. 6s.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE, always the man of doubts, has, we suspect, felt neither surprise nor chagrin at the criticism which has met his work in the last few years. The lightest, least perceptible, flick of his pen has often been a mortal wound to a time-honoured belief. His sympathy for an idea has never been a thing to be courted, for his advocacy has never been free from that mocking spirit which corrodes even while it creates. The essays in the volume that we are considering do not now belong to his latest period, but they are full of evidence throwing light on the present position of their writer. "The old age of a sceptic", wrote a critic of his last novel, "is full of bitterness", but if M. Anatole France has ever been honest with us he must to-day be profoundly indifferent to the waning of his fame. If we have gathered any definite lesson from his work it has been of the passing of all dreams and faiths. Each age, he has said, supplies new ones. What does it all matter?

Although classic Greece, Christian antiquity, and the eighteenth century in his own country have been the periods which have drawn M. Anatole France's closest study, he has never been quite indifferent to modern literature. It has, at least, given him reason to smile, and we know how he likes smiling—even to the extent of showing his teeth at times. In his seventy years he has seen many shifts of literary fashion. He has seen art tortured by a dozen passions. When we look through this book "On Life and Letters" to see whom of his contemporaries he will praise we may find the fullest explanation of his decline in favour. Upon Zola he performs a surgical operation without anaesthetics; it is a piece of sheer cruelty, but it is not without refinement when we compare it with some pages in which he has been forced to dwell on Monsieur Ohnet. This, he seems to have said, is work for a common butcher, and he has borrowed a pole-axe to reduce a writer of popular rubbish to a mass of unrecognisable bleeding flesh. M. Anatole France is deadly in the attack, but we must turn to see where he will pay tribute. He pays tribute to "Gyp". The author of the novels of the idlest society, the chronicler of ephemeral passion and vicious absurdities, receives the great master's praise. She is "a great philosopher" because the frivolous chatter of her men and women has revealed certain hollow spaces in the fabric on which our world is built.

Quite recently M. Maurice Barrès, a writer of exquisite prose, has succeeded Paul Déroulède at the League of Patriots. Enthusiasm—"God in us"—is no longer the hall-mark of the street corner orator and the strident ballad-monger. It has been able to embrace art without suffocating it; but M. Anatole France has chosen to take no part in the reconciliation. In an essay called "To-morrow" he professed himself unable to understand the Decadents who now belong to yesterday; yet it would be scarcely possible for him to declare mystification as his reason for standing aside from the writers of to-day, whose message is as clear in its call as that of birds at morning. In this very essay, written we do not know how long ago, M. Anatole France seems to have in a sense published his own death warrant. "A man", he says, "is a small thing, even a great man, when he is all alone . . . let us efface ourselves so that there may be seen in us not a man, but humanity". This, however, is just what the mocking philosopher has forgotten. We see nothing behind his new work but the work of his past. Though believing that he is as indifferent of his public as the public is growing of him, it is difficult for a critic to remain unmoved, yet that is the attitude which all his admirers must adopt. Like Pyrrho, they must

make no sign when they see their master has fallen, and then M. Anatole France, like Anaxarchus, will know that he has true disciples.

In England M. Anatole France still commands the respect which to a great extent the brilliance and even the beauty of his work deserve, but our respect is tinged with ignorance. The modern school of French writers is little known here. Translation of their work is undertaken rarely and spasmodically, and there seems indeed to be a peculiar lack of good judgment as to what of French literature is worth presenting to English readers, though some improvement has been noticeable quite lately. M. Anatole France owes his high repute in this country in no small measure to the admirable series to which this volume "On Life and Letters" is the latest addition.

A GREAT BOOK ON RUSSIA.

"An Economic History of Russia." By James Mavor. 2 Vols. Dent. 3s 6d. net.

PROFESSOR MAVOR has done a great service in giving English readers the result of his researches in Russian economic history—though the economic history of Russia has still to be written. Russian scholars have not yet all the material for a treatment of the subject. The difficulty of such a task is obvious. Professor Mavor has industry and understanding, but he has not had the exceptional opportunities of independent investigation. He has confined himself to the comparatively modest and useful task of conveying to English readers the studies and investigations of those Russian scholars who have shed some light on the dark problems of Russia's economic development. The title of the work is suggestive rather than exactly descriptive. The present work may be said to form a valuable supplement to Kluchevsky's brilliant course of Russian history, an English translation of which has lately been published, and should do much to dispel the hazy ideas in this and in other countries of the true facts of Russian history.

The first volume of Professor Mavor's work is devoted to the rise and fall of bondage right, the second to industry and revolution. For nearly a thousand years agriculture has been the chief occupation of the Russian people, and Professor Mavor rightly emphasises the importance of serfdom as a factor in Russian political development. He says: "Beneath the changes of political forms there is observable and there is described in greater detail the series of economic and juridical changes which led to the firm binding of the peasant in the triple knot of bondage. . . . Peter the Great . . . utilised the bondage system in the exploitation of the iron in the Ural Mountains and in the building of ships, docks, and cities by means of the forced labour of tens of thousands of bondsmen. . . . Successive sovereigns down to the time of Nicholas I. grappled with the question only to find themselves foiled. . . . Eventually the knots of bondage were loosened and finally cut, and the peasant emerged into something like freedom. But, as he found ere long, he was free at his own cost. . . . It is little wonder that some of them found Emancipation an illusion, and that after the first moments of enthusiastic anticipation they should have turned upon their former proprietors sometimes with violence. No summary", adds Professor Mavor, "can put the peasant question quite fairly. It must be studied in detail in order that its intricate character can be fully grasped".

Professor Mavor brings to this formidable task abundant material. He briefly sketches the first period of Russian history, following in the main Kluchevsky's account of the rise of the towns against continual raids of freebooters—a step which resulted in the establishment of a Russian State under the leadership of Kiev. He then describes how the Russian invasion led to the transference of the centre of Russian historical development from Kiev to the region between the Volga and

the Olla in the north-west of the European plain. As a result of the extreme development of an appanage system, combined with the constant necessity of repelling the Asiatic invaders' attacks, peculiar forms of land tenure sprang up, leading after the establishment of the Grand Duchy of Moscow—when the process of centralisation was hastened—to the complete attachment of the cultivators to the soil. Serfdom became a legally affirmed State institution about the beginning of the seventeenth century. Under the strain of territorial expansion in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it assumed forms far more persistently oppressive and cruel than those that had marked the early stages of its development. The modernisation of Russia in the eighteenth century was bound to lead to the abolition of serfdom. The Emancipation in 1861, however, opened up a bewildering labyrinth of economic and political problems. It is with the solution of these problems that Russia is faced to-day.

It is hardly possible to follow Professor Mavor in his detailed analysis of that curious conglomeration of dynastic claims, military obligations, and the perpetual demand for bread, from which arose the conflicting forces of autocracy and serfdom. Students of the Western European middle ages will find in this section of the work many curious parallels and still more striking contrasts. In all this the author follows the best authorities, and rarely makes a statement of fact without backing it with chapter and verse. It is to be regretted perhaps that in his desire to do full justice to the legal details of the appanage and military tenure systems he has failed to take into account the less formal and, so to speak, more human elements in the development of the Russian peasant commune, such as Professor Kaufmann, of St. Petersburg, has dealt with in his admirable work on the Russian commune. Still, as it stands Professor Mavor's account of the rise and fall of serfdom is of real and novel value to the English student.

The second volume, dealing with the development of industry, with its concomitants in a labour movement and a revolution, is less carefully planned and more miscellaneous in character. The description of the development of the Russian factory is well documented, but much of the volume is devoted to an account of the revolutionary movement, which, apart from certain references to labour and agrarian conditions, is treated as a political movement pure and simple. The revolutionary matter is interesting, and forms an independent study, but in a book which purports to be an economic history of Russia one would gladly have done without the long chapter on the armed rising in Moscow in 1905 if one could have had instead a clear account of the development of Russian trade. The history of the internal and external trade of Russia is a fascinating subject, and if Professor Mavor had stretched his subject on a broader canvas, at least in the matter, he would have added to the value and interest of his work. It is also a pity that, whilst he devotes a chapter to Russia in the Far East, he says nothing about the Balkan question, which, in connection with the problem of the Black Sea basin, has such an important bearing on the economic development of Southern Russia. Professor Mavor's usual scrupulous accuracy of statement deserts him in a short chapter on the non-Russian nationalities. This is evidently based on hearsay, and might with profit have been omitted. Finally, to make an end of criticism, the system of transliterating Russian names and terms employed in the work seems to us needlessly difficult. "Shch" is a hard sound at best, but to write it "tsch", as in "pometschek", is to make it practically impossible for an English tongue to pronounce. Moreover, Continental vowels should be used, surely not English "e" for "i."

Professor Mavor's book is not meant to while away an idle hour. It is monumental in scope and conception, and will richly repay the diligent student. Besides, its appearance is a sign that the frontiers of English historical research are broadening out eastward, and that the time is not far off when European history will be treated fully by English scholars.

LATEST BOOKS.

Naval Courts Martial. By David Hannay. Cambridge University Press. 8s. net.

There are, we believe, a good many naval officers who hold that the War College amounts to little more than historical lectures, war games, and the promiscuous reading of naval literature. Be that as it may, the establishment of the War College has certainly been followed by a considerable crop of naval literature of the kind that a few years ago would have been thought too technical for general publication. The old style of naval literature gave us plenty about battles and tactics and occasionally a serious insight into strategy. The new style shows a marked tendency to dwell on the various legal aspects of naval warfare, and it is probably this new taste which has rendered Mr. Hannay's latest book possible from the circulation point of view. On the face of it few would imagine that anything more than a general article was to be got out of the subject of Naval Courts Martial. Mr. Hannay, however, has not only produced a very readable book of considerable interest, but also a book of decided general utility in these days when there is something more than a tendency (on the part of those who know little or nothing about the matter) to regard courts martial as archaic and prejudiced institutions.

Mr. Hannay holds no brief for the court martial. At times, indeed, he is at some pains to show how in the old days it was often stupid and ignorant of legal procedure. But an outstanding feature is that as a rule it endeavoured to be fair and impartial, distinctly tending to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt.

"Theological Symbolics." By Charles Carpenter Briggs, D.D. T. and T. Clark. 10s. 6d. net.

This, to the layman, rather alarming title merely means Creeds. Part I., "Fundamental Symbolics", deals with the three Creeds of Christendom—the Eastern Church, however, while receiving the other two, only uses the Nicene. Part II., "Particular Symbolics", covers certain purely Latin confessions, together with the almost countless ones of the Reformation. Part III., "Comparative Symbolics", is a courageous attempt to compare and harmonise the formal doctrinal statements of the various Christian communions. The late Professor Briggs longed for the reunion of Christendom, and hoped by these learned studies to promote the binding up of the Church's broken unity. In treating of *Quicumque vult* he seems to favour the idea that it is a composite document; but scholars on this side of the Atlantic—except possibly Harnack—have now entirely discarded that hypothesis, together with the theories of a late and quasi-fraudulent origin which were the mainstay of the mid-Victorian agitation against the Athanasian Creed. Recently controversy has shifted to the Apostles' Creed, the stumbling block to many being less "metaphysical dogmas" about the Trinity and the Incarnation than plain affirmations of historic fact such as the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection. In studying the sixteenth-century confessions, a clear distinction should be made between "Protestant" and "Reformed", the former expression—never adopted by the Church of England—meaning Lutheran (from the Protest of the Princes at the Diet of Speier, 1526), and the latter meaning Calvinist—"Sacramentarian", it should be noted, connotes the opposite of "sacramentalist". Reformation in England proceeded on fairly conservative lines, with no breach of essential continuity, yet leaving the national Christianity isolated from the Western family. Dr. Briggs covers a great deal of ground, but hardly refers to the XXXIX. Articles. His book is fair, candid, and uncontroversial.

"The Philosophy of Religion." By George Galloway, D.Phil. T. and T. Clark. 12s.

This is another large and important volume in the "International Theological Library". The general standpoint of Dr. Galloway is that of Personal Idealism, but he does not resolve knowledge into mere subjectivity. His aim is to keep the facts and movements of religious experience in the foreground of this treatise. We could desiderate, however, in the treatment of such a topic as the Divine Omnipotence, some consideration of the difficulties which this primary dogma of faith awakes, perhaps subconsciously, in the ordinary man's mind. The average man is not troubled by speculative puzzles such as the reconciliation of Divine Omnipotence with human free-will or with the self-limitation implied in the use of means. But he is very much troubled, after saying "I believe in God the Father Almighty", by the seeming disorders, both moral and physical, of the world—so apparently meaningless and terrifying. On the other hand, he is not tempted to adopt a Manichean dualism, half-worshipping a Being who wrestles with refractory matter more or less successfully, and no other form of belief or unbelief is of any assistance. No doubt, we see at present only the wrong side of the tapestry. But a book on religious philosophy, experimental in standpoint, would do well to discuss such

questions. Dr. Galloway declines to identify God with the Absolute, a name which must include everything bad as well as good, or at least connote a Being supra-moral—neither holy nor just, nor pure nor kind and pitiful. If evil is only good in the making, only a relative imperfection, it were no blasphemy to worship an immoral Deity. But who holds evil to be this except on paper?

"The Schools and the Nation." By Dr. Georg Kerschensteiner. Translated from the German by C. K. Ogden. Macmillan. 6s. net.

This book is a collection of recent speeches and lectures of the Director of Education in Munich. Dr. Kerschensteiner preaches the gospel of what is known to the education world as "Vocational" training. His views, backed by many years of experience, are especially welcome now that thoughtful educationists have become convinced of the folly of mere memorising. Our system of teaching sadly needs alteration, and it is interesting that suggestions for change should come from a country in which mental drill had become almost a fetish. We have copied Germany in many things, and it is to be hoped we shall accept her improvements as well. Dr. Kerschensteiner's main idea is that every child before ending his or her eighteenth year of life shall have learned some vocation in life, unless engaged in higher studies. His first step is with the elementary school, and he proposes to change "our book schools into schools of practical work" by substituting where possible methods based on practical work for the present method based on books. After fourteen the continuation school is to carry on the work, and from the general practical education which has taught the child how to think he passes on to the special continuation school of his trade, where for about ten hours a week—in addition to his daily work—he learns other aspects of his job and has an elementary grounding in business methods and citizenship. The expense has not proved prohibitive, and, contrary to general expectation, the trades have become willing allies of the schools. All who care for education or profess to understand it must read this book. It is the history of a great attempt and still greater achievement.

The *Candid Quarterly Review* (5s.), conducted by Mr. T. G. Bowles, is worth the money, from a literary point of view, for the article "Bob", which closes the issue for August. That is a little masterpiece of its kind.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART.

The Portraits and Caricatures of James McNeill Whistler (An Iconography by A. E. Gallatin). Lane. 10s. 6d. net.
Whistler's Pastels and other Modern Profiles (A. E. Gallatin). Lane. 10s. 6d. net.

HISTORY.

Outlines of Ancient History: From the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Roman Empire in the West, A.D. 476 (Harold Mattingly). Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Marvels of Insect Life (Edited by Edward Step). Part V. Hutchinson. 7d. net.
British Birds, their Nests and Eggs, and How to Name Them (Walter M. Gallichan). Holden and Hardingham. 7d. net.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

Chip (F. E. Mills Young). Lane. 1s. net.
The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M. (Edited by Nehemiah Curnock). Vol. I.-V. Kelly. 43 3s. net per set of 6 Vols.
La Simiacine (H. Seton Merriman). 1s. net; Théâtre Choisi (Beaumarchais). 10d. Nelson.
The Underlying Principles of Modern Legislation (W. Jethro Brown). Murray. 6s. net.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

English Literature for Secondary Schools.—The Wanderings of Rama, Prince of India (Edited by Wallace Gandy). Macmillan. 1s.
Greek History for Schools (C. D. Edmonds). Cambridge University Press. 5s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

The Waldies: a Play in Four Acts (G. J. Hamlen). Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Family Chain, The: Marriage and Relationships of Native Australian Tribes (John Hopkins). Watts. 1s. net.
Sea, Land, and Air Strategy: A Comparison (Sir George Aston). Murray. 10s. 6d. net.
Western Awakening to Islam, A (Lord Headley). Phillips. 1s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.—The Financial Review of Reviews, 1s. net; The Phoenix, 10 cents; Mercure de France, 1 fr. 50; The Hindustan Review, 10 annas; The Empire Review, 1s. net; The Candid Quarterly Review, 5s. net; Deutsche Rundschau, 2m. 50; The English Church Review, 6d. net; The Britannic Review, 1s. net; The British Review, 1s. net; The English Review, 1s. net; The Town Planning Review, 2s. 6d. net; Revue des Deux Mondes, 3 fr.

FINANCE.

THE CITY.

Bank Rate 6 per cent.

WHAT the aftermath of the European conflagration will mean to the financial world nobody can foresee.

The Committee of the Stock Exchange has not arrived at any decision as to the date when the Stock Exchange will be reopened, but when the doors of the House admit the broker again there is little doubt that the amount of public confidence in the future of stocks and shares of all denominations will be painfully apparent.

The unprecedented conditions which have prevailed during the week have placed the distant future beyond consideration, however, and all financial interests have been confined to the immediate crisis, and the methods now being adopted to meet the situation.

There is certainly a prospect of sensible additions being made to our central gold supply in the near future; and the decision of the Indian Government to sell telegraphic transfers in India payable in London has considerably helped the position here. Bills at rs. 3½d., or transfers at rs. 3½d. per rupee, will be sold to the extent of £1,000,000 per week until further notice, and in all probability an amount of gold will be released here equal to that of the bills or transfers sold each week.

The Bank of England statement will not be issued until to-day, but by the suspension of the Bank Act, enabling the directors to increase the Bank's fiduciary issue, and affording an adequate supply of currency to the joint stock banks, the statement will be likely to indicate more normal financial conditions.

The policy of the Bank directors to reduce the Bank rate from 10 per cent. to 6 per cent. naturally struck a note of confidence in both financial and mercantile circles, and it is now very unlikely that we shall have to face a breakdown in the financial machinery; in fact, the City has nothing but commendation for the skill which has been displayed by the Government in meeting the unparalleled situation.

The exact terms of the Chancellor's moratorium are now available. Contracts entered into prior to 4 August are exempted, as also are any payments of rates, taxes, maritime freights, wages and salaries.

The City indulged in a good deal of speculation during the earlier part of the week as to the probable amount required by the Government for war purposes. Very few anticipated the request for £100,000,000, and had the banking and discount houses been open, there would have been an apparent effect upon the nominal quotation of rates; but at the same time the City fully supports the solemn obligation of Mr. Asquith adequately to meet the situation.

The North British Railway dividend was due this week, but in view of the political and financial chaos the directors have wisely postponed the declaration to a future date.

The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Co. have adopted a similar attitude, and the batch of dividends declared on 20 June last will be deferred until further notice.

The report of the South Metropolitan Gas Co. is to hand, and on the whole proves to be rather dismal reading. The total income of the company for the half-year amounted to £1,148,812, as compared with £1,182,514 in the first half of 1913, which makes the profit £37,922 short of the amount required to pay the dividend to which the shareholders are entitled under the sliding scale act, at the rate of £5 9s. 4d. per cent. per annum; but the difference will be met out of the balance brought forward from the last account.

INSURANCE.

EQUITABLE LIFE OF THE UNITED STATES.

WITH Europe ablaze from end to end it is almost impossible at the moment to write about insurance matters, because nobody can say what the effect of a Titanic struggle will be in shaping the destinies of the various offices—life, fire and accident. It does seem likely, all the same, that for some time to come those offices which are furthest removed from the European cock-pit will be most in favour; at all events they may look for an enlarged share of the public patronage. Although it is most improbable that the contest which has begun will permanently affect the prosperity of any first-class British life office, it is nevertheless undeniable that immediate interests are certain to suffer, and in some cases it may not be possible to pay bonuses, notwithstanding the increased interest earnings foreshadowed by current events. Of course, all insurance companies, whatever their nature, and wherever the home office may be situated, are bound to be adversely affected by a great Continental war; but it is manifest that some offices will escape much more lightly than will others.

Apart from the temporary troubles which are certain to be caused by the further depreciation of Stock Exchange values, United States life offices appear to be less liable to incur losses than those of almost any other country that could be named, and it will be the fault of their managements if advantage be not taken of the sudden opportunity afforded them for the extension of business on this side of the Atlantic. Their chief difficulty seems to be that under the insurance laws of the State of New York the volume of new business that can be transacted in the course of a year is limited in amount, and the accounts for 1913 show that the three great institutions which have offices here had almost attained their possible maximum: under the law as it stands the aggregate insurance per annum is \$150,000,000—say, £30,000,000; but it can be exceeded to some extent, provided "loading" can be saved.

Exactly what amount of insurance the Equitable Life Assurance Co. of the United States is entitled to complete within the twelve months cannot therefore be easily computed, but the report shows that 68,394 policies for sums amounting to £29,745,486 were issued in 1913, and it is consequently evident that the margin for further immediate expansion cannot be very large. It is not improbable, however, that one effect of the war, which has disorganised business conditions far and wide, will be to diminish the demand for life assurance in the United States and other countries where such business is transacted. If so, a larger percentage of the total would be available for assurants here. In such times as the nation has now to face life assurance is obviously a more imperative duty than ever before, but some of our home offices are likely to experience difficulty in obtaining support, owing to the uncertainty which exists in regard to the probable result of the next investigations. Some persons, at any rate, may be expected to feel that the present time is not a particularly favourable one for taking out with-profit policies, except in the very soundest offices, and they may prefer to pay smaller premiums for non-participating assurances. No such objection could, however, be raised to a suggestion to assure, with profits, in an American office of the highest standing. Whatever may happen in Europe during the next few months, or the next year or two, will not affect New York except in a minor degree, and the recovery from financial depression will probably prove much speedier in the New World than here.

The Times

in an article on Modern Life Assurance stated that

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